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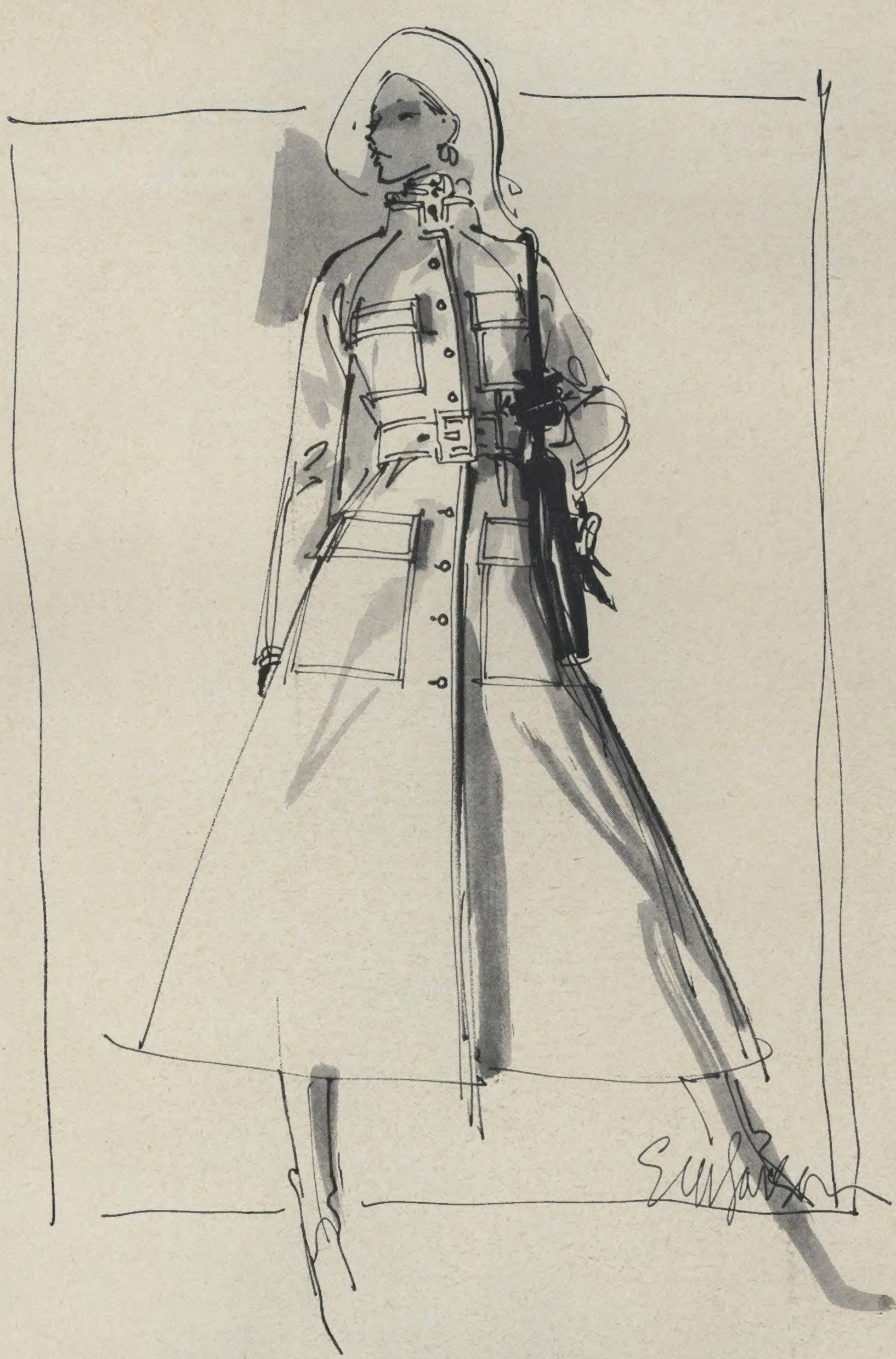


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VOGUE IS PUBLISHED BY
THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS INC.
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COVER: Opening The New York Spring Collections, Catherine Deneuve, next in the film *Donkey Skin*, here in a brilliant mix of Paisley and checks from Boutique Donald Brooks. The tiny bolero is a checkerboard of ribbons and the white crêpe shirt has a Paisley collar and cuffs to match the pants. Rayon shirt; Trevira jersey pants; Paisley print, Julian Tomchin for Maxwell. About $200. Lord & Taylor; Flah's; Harzfeld's; Sanger-Harris; I. Magnin. Earrings: Frédérique Dauphin-Meunier for Cartier Paris. Coiffure by Carita. Cover photograph by Just Jaeckin.

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VOGUE INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR IS PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY, EXCEPT FOR THE MONTHS OF MAY, JUNE, JULY, AND DECEMBER, WHEN IT IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY. SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID, AT NEW YORK, N.Y., AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN U. S. AND POSSESSIONS, $10 FOR ONE YEAR, $17 FOR TWO YEARS, $22 FOR THREE YEARS. IN CANADA, $11 FOR ONE YEAR, $19 FOR TWO YEARS, $25 FOR THREE YEARS. ELSEWHERE, $15 FOR ONE YEAR, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES IN U. S. AND CANADA, 75C. FOR SUBSCRIPTIONS, ADDRESS CHANGES, AND ADJUSTMENTS, WRITE TO VOGUE, BOX 5201, BOULDER, COLORADO 80302. SIX WEEKS ARE REQUIRED FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS. PLEASE GIVE BOTH NEW AND OLD ADDRESS AS PRINTED ON LAST LABEL.

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Lillie Rubin

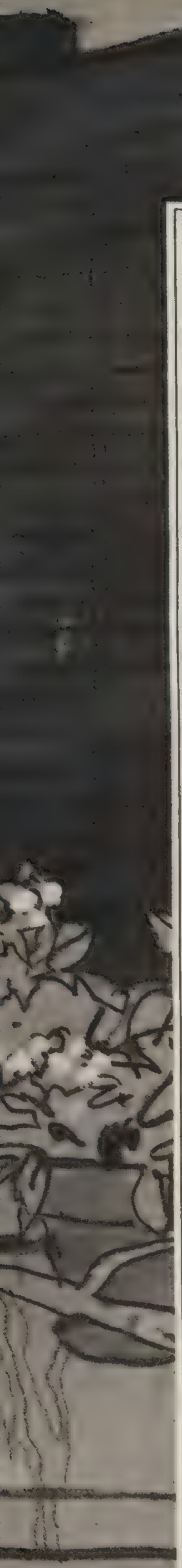


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I Am A Woman. I Am Rebecca.

I am free. Liberated. I want to look like many things. A Lioness. A Gypsy. A regal Princess. Because sometimes I am tired of being me. I want something to change into. Not just camouflage. But something real. To bring out the other side of me.

So I create wigs made of synthetic hair. For a woman. To change her personality as well as her looks. And now that is important to a woman. I know. I am a woman. I am Rebecca.



And I know you. You desire to look different. So you'll really feel different. So I spend years designing wigs for you. To give you mood and mystery. My wigs are the finest ever created. I design each one so it doesn't look like a wig. Synthetic, yet real. People who see them can't believe it, they ask me how I do it. But I don't tell. I just keep creating new things. Like my suspension stretch cap.* It makes my wigs so comfortable you forget they're not really yours.

Soon my wigs will be sold through the finest stores in the world. But now you can only buy them from me. Like my Liberation. A mad gypsy look that brings out your mystery. Or Bazaar, a long natural style that involves you in deep love. Both wigs are made of the finest synthetic fibers in existence. Liberation in Dynel. Bazaar in Kanekalon. So they are wash-and-wear, never need styling. Both wigs are now—today. For a woman who is like me—free. And now for a woman like you. So send for both my wigs, or just try one. And I will send you a free copy of my book, which is published by Grosset & Dunlap in New York. It tells you how to make a wig like another part of you. And I have something else for you, too:

*patent pending

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LIBERATION





BAZAAR

I, Rebecca, along with a copy of my new book, "The Complete Guide to Synthetic Hairpieces & Wigs," will also send you a handsome black, lizard travel case** with each wig you buy. Just fill out your name and your instructions to me — Rebecca Collection, c/o Fashion Associates, Inc., 418 Armour Circle, N.E., Atlanta, Georgia. Incidentally, my favorite department store in my city is _____

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Address _____

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Tri-color costume designed by Belle Saunders for Abe Schrader. 145.00

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Washington, D.C.





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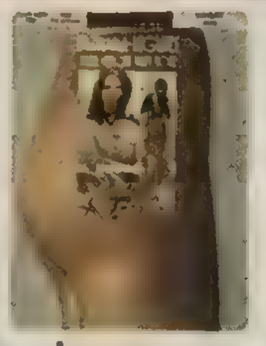
Geoffry Beene's soft shirt dress, an urban affair in navy/white silk crepe, printed with miniature geometrics.
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superbly softened over a gauzy
cotton pin-dot shirt. 195.00 in the Specialty Shop, Cleveland.

Halle's



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BEAUTY REPORT:



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The Double Entendre Eye Shadow Compact

Double cakes of silky shadows in wildflower colors. A fresh vibrant pastel. Its companion, a misty iridescent.

The Double Entendre Liner Compact

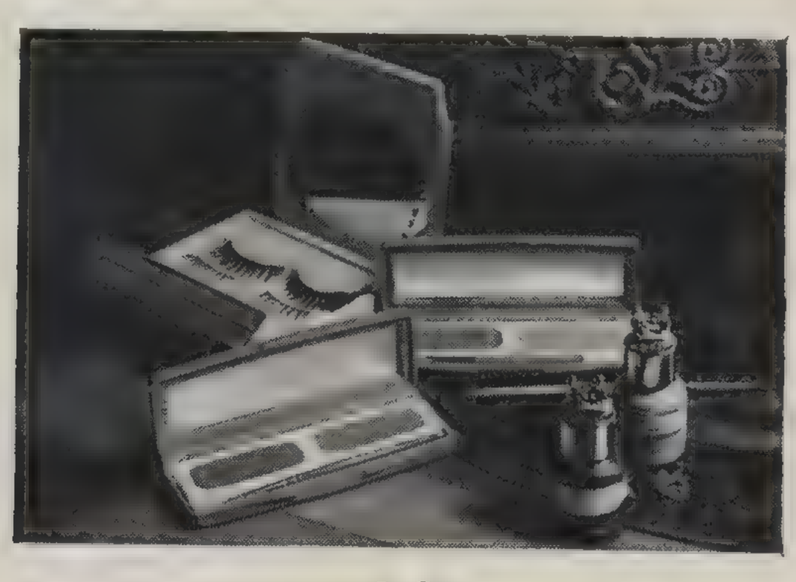
On one side, a quiet underliner. On the other, a more intense hue to line the upper lid.

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"Au naturel" upper and lower lashes meticulously trimmed in artful little clusters.

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"For your encounters with the sun, make it B&L shades."

Jean Shrimpton

B&L's chic Ray-Ban® Sun Glasses let you face the sun. Feel it. Stretch up to it. And never never worry about your eyes. Ray-Bans are real sun glasses. They block harsh glare. Ban harmful, invisible infrared and ultraviolet rays. Keep your precious orbs sparkling bright. Choose your pair from a group of great classic shapes with grey or green protective lenses. From $10. And for pretty pastel lenses, see Bausch & Lomb's big, beautiful Sun Tint collection.

Here: The Shrimp shows B&L's classic Ray-Ban Aviator shape sleekly framed with black chrome. Below, with gold filled frame. Her cool lace beach suit by Jacques Tiffeau.

Bausch & Lomb
OPTIMUM OPTICS

B&L SHADES AT FINE STORES AND PROFESSIONAL EYECARE SPECIALISTS ACROSS THE COUNTRY.
BAUSCH & LOMB, ROCHESTER, NEW YORK 14602

A little girl's shirt is sexy when a big girl wears it.

The Girlie Shirt.

It comes in sizes 8 to 16. It's made of 65% Dacron* polyester and 35% cotton.
And even its price tag will look good to you; it's about $12†.
Lady Manhattan, 1407 Broadway, N.Y. 10018. A division of Manhattan Industries, Inc.

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*DUPONT'S REG. T.M. †SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST.



Chantilly
can shake your
world.



HOUBIGANT

Quelques Fleurs
The beginning of a
beautiful past.

PURE SPRAY $5.00 EACH

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

Design for laving

There is a conspiracy to keep us all under water. Never have so many tubside treats been around, as witness Frances Denney's Source of Body Beauties. There are six new refreshments, in addition to the original Denney Bathing Spa, and they are very easy to love. Three are programmed for morning: Wake-Up Bath Crystals; fine blue powdery beads that bubble and foam, and transform the water to a splendid cerulean blue; Exhilarating Body Pick-Up to set your skin atingle; and Moisture Body Veil. For evening, the lineup includes Ultra Smoothing Oil Bath, Lavish Body Finish—which they think of as a body butterer—and Bust & Body Firmer for tautening massage. You have our permission to use A.M. stuff in the P.M. and vice versa.

Lemon topping

Some people have this pulverizing habit of running out of lemons at Bloody Mary time because they used the last of the lemons on their hair. (And some people wash their hair every day, which makes it rough keeping in lemons.) Anyway, Menley & James have fixed it for everybody to be happy by pouring lots of tart, fragrant citrus into new Love's Fresh Lemon Shampoo and its perfect follow-up, Love's Fresh Lemon Cream Rinse. It appears they are unique in their lemon-ness and are, furthermore, thick with protein, so your hair is bound to be not only squeaky-clean but also floaty, shimmery, and tangle-free. Both come in sunshiny yellow bottles made of lightweight, unbreakable plastic, so are easily totable wherever one may wander.

For tripping: the light fantastic

We like to think each new day dawns on the possibility that somebody scrumptious is going to ring up and suggest an immediate holiday in Greece or Mexico or Marrakesh, so it is well to keep at the ready a flat-pack cosmetic case, always filled with trip-sized Everything. Nothing could be more to the point than the new Xanadu Traveler by Fabergé. It's made of waft-weight orange moire and is lined with violet waterproofing. There are three plastic pockets: one filled with Xanadu necessaries for the journey, the other two available for your toothbrush, pills, makeup, and whatever. There is even a loop up top for suspending the whole kit on any bathroom door. (More Ready Beauty, page 70)

Who is this lady?



A. Little Orphan Annie.
B. The Jolly Green Giantess.
C. The Statue of Liberty.
D. Mae West.

If you picked anything other than C, well, you're in a whole lot of trouble.

Sure, you probably picked the Statue of Liberty. Everybody knows who she is and what she stands for.

Or do they?

It's amazing how many of us take this proud lady for granted.

She symbolizes the triumph of freedom over tyranny.

She is a declaration of our independence.

Of course, we need more than statues to remind us of our freedom. We need action.

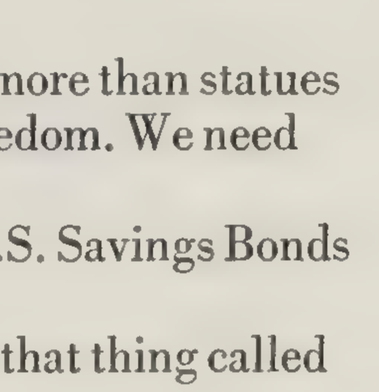
And that's where U.S. Savings Bonds come in.

They help preserve that thing called freedom.

They help make this country economically stronger to tackle some of the problems that face us.

Buying Savings Bonds is easy. You can join the Payroll Savings Plan where you work, or the Bond-a-Month Plan where you bank. (Someone else does the paper work.)

As for Miss Liberty, well, when you're in New York go up and see her sometime.



If they're lost, stolen, or destroyed, we replace 'em.

Take stock in America
Buy U.S. Savings Bonds

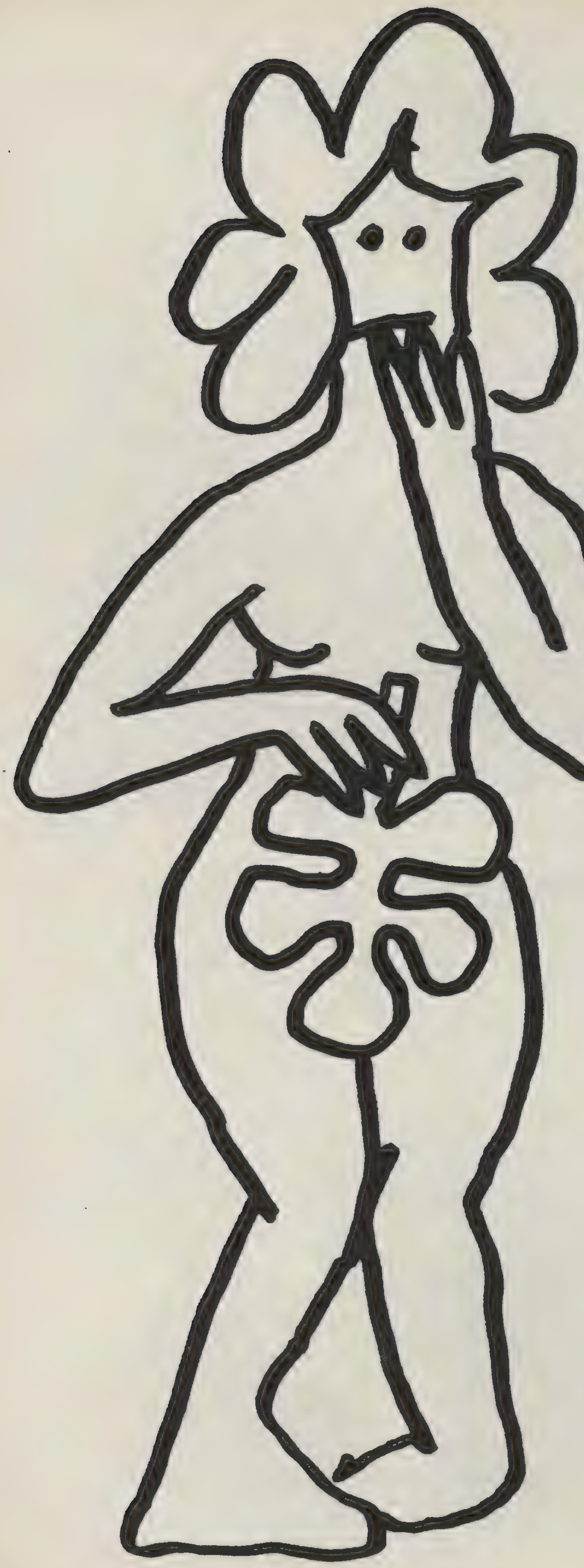
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BEAUTY CHECKOUT

Health is busting out all over. California —where so many American life-styles seem to start—probably launched the whole, great, glorious, leafy, earthy health-food cult that's now sweeping the country. At any rate, it flourishes there more verdantly than anywhere else . . . and why wouldn't it? Many of the fruits and vegetables eaten in the U.S. come from California, anyway—and there, they're all fresh, just-picked; crisp, juicy, delicious. . . . A sun-kissed young health-food nut we know reports: "All along the California coast, from the Big Sur to La Jolla, health-food restaurants and juice stands are springing up, serving organically-grown natural foods that retain the maximum food value. . . . At the Laguna Beach Juice Bar, run by six attractive, bouncy girls in their early twenties, people start queuing up long before the bar opens in the morning, waiting for 'smoothies'—delectable combinations of fresh fruits and honey, puréed in a Waring blender. The house special is a combo of peaches, strawberries, dates, pineapples, and honey puréed in orange juice. Heaven! With this, I had a sandwich of buttery avocado spread on fresh sesame bread, sprinkled with chopped nuts, bean shoots, mushrooms, sliced tomatoes, and goat's cheese—a real taste trip. . . . At the Country Store restaurant, nestled in the hills near the San Juan Capistrano mission, the proprietor and his wife offer a wild selection of scrumptious health-food combinations. I ordered the Mango Smoothie (mango, banana, boysenberry, pear, and honey, puréed in apple juice), and a cheese sandwich—raw-milk cheese, tomato, and sesame seeds, grilled, garnished with fresh prunes, dates, and rice chips. Then, I staggered on to fresh-peach ice cream made with honey. . . . The 'house' nut butter is outlandishly good: ground-up sesame seeds, almonds, cashews, peanuts, and walnuts, spread on whole-grain bread."

First and best-known of the health-food restaurants in Los Angeles is the Aware Inn, on Sunset Boulevard—roomy, attractive, well-run, with an enormously varied clientele that includes everything but the most austere, vegetarian fringe of the health-food movement (the Aware Inn serves excellent meat and California wines, so the extreme purists stay away). Regular patrons include Tony and Beagle Duquette, Warren Beatty, Natalie Wood, Peter Fonda, John Saxon; other celebrities—Clare Boothe Luce, Igor Stravinsky—turn up occasionally. Everything that's served here is organically grown, without pesticides or sprays; chicken and beef have been raised naturally (no hormones or antibiotics); bread and rolls are made of stone-ground whole grains, and served warm with raw sweet butter. . . . On the long, fascinating menu (one wants to order everything), one of the most popular items is a hamburger called the Swinger—ground prime sirloin mixed with diced fresh vegetables, sliced green olives, cheddar cheese, and oregano, flame-broiled and served with Aware Salad. What's in Aware Salad? It's really the chopped or shredded contents of an entire truck-garden: turnips, red cabbage, watercress, carrots; Jerusalem artichokes, unpeeled and cut in chunks; Romaine lettuce, cucumbers, tomatoes, avocado, pine nuts, sunflower seeds. . . . The Aware Inn makes all its own pastries and desserts, among them a fantastic cheesecake made with fresh raw cream, cream cheese, and honey, the crust formed of whole grain and almonds. The restaurant seats about fifty downstairs, twenty upstairs, and, in summer, twelve in an outdoor patio. Open for dinner only; no lunch.

A gourmet's approach to vegetarian- (Continued on page 76)



Woman is not a four-letter word.

The way some people carry on, you'd think there was something wrong with being a woman. And having a body to go with it.

They've even managed to build up a whole mystique about certain subjects.

Take the subject of douching, for instance.

Most people either don't talk about it at all, or if they do, they put things so vaguely that no one can understand what they mean.

Some just dismiss douching as "old-fashioned."

Well, we'd like to tell you the facts, and then let *you* decide who's really old-fashioned.

Every woman is aware that in the vaginal area, her body regularly produces moisture. She is also aware that after a while, the secretions can build up and feel a bit uncomfortable.

That's why douching is important. But not douching with just anything. Douching with Vagisec.

Vagisec (sold only in drugstores) is the most advanced product you can buy to relieve the moist, uncomfortable feeling that most women normally have just because they're women. (Gynecologists who recognize the need for douching have recommended it for years.)

In addition, Vagisec contains P.S.S.* which eliminates the internal bacteria that cause external odor. (So if you use it twice a week, there's not much need to use a feminine deodorant.)

(To get a small sample of Vagisec and a booklet on douching, write Julius Schmid, Inc., Box 4-V, 423 W. 55th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10019.)

Vagisec®
LIQUID

*PATENTED COMBINATION OF POLYOXYETHYLENE NONYL PHENOL, SODIUM EDETATE, SODIUM DIOCTYL SULFOSUCCINATE.

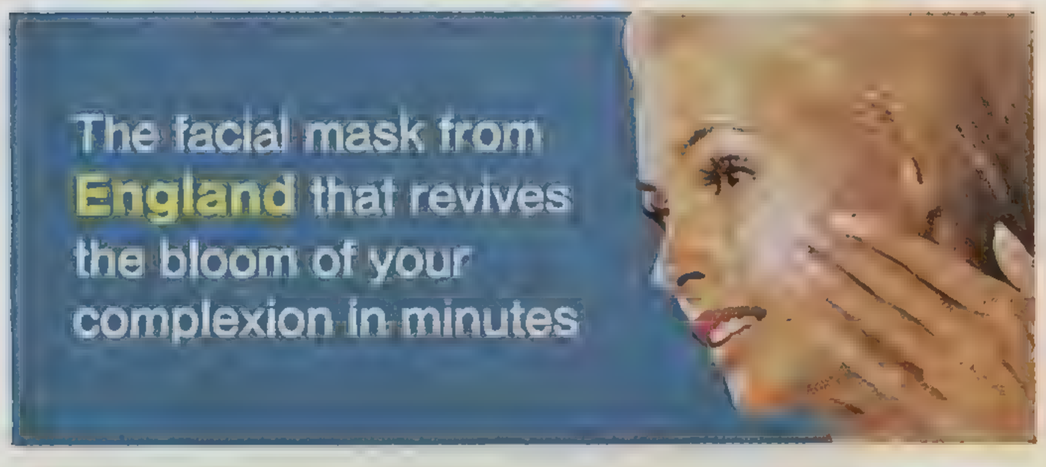
Now 7 of the most beautiful things from all over the world are about to happen to you!

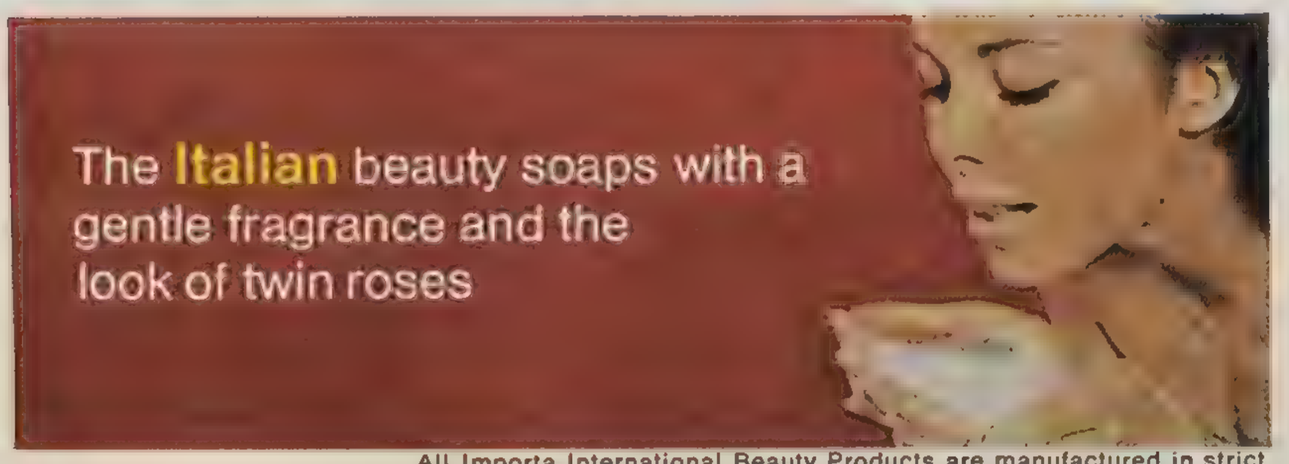












All Importa International Beauty Products are manufactured in strict compliance with U.S. Food and Drug Administration regulations.

all 7 of these exclusive beauty care imports—worth **$20*** yours for only **$5.95** as your introductory collection from

importā
THE INTERNATIONAL BEAUTY BOUTIQUE

Where can you find the three exotic lipstick shades created by a cosmetic "guru" to give the women of India such luscious-looking lips? Or the cream that Japanese beauties use to help keep the fragile skin around their eyes petal-smooth all through their lives? Or the made-in-Spain bath foam that silkens a body from head to toe?

If you had unlimited time and money, you might travel the world to find beauty treasures like these. But now there's another way. Importá, the International Beauty Boutique, searches the world to find its most precious beauty preparations and delivers them right to you.

For just $5.95—all this!

For example, in the Importá introductory collection (worth over $20.00*) that you are offered now for just $5.95, you'll find the cosmetics from India, Japan and Spain mentioned above. And with them there's a jasmine-rose hand creme from France . . . a purse-size flacon of perfume in the same exquisite fragrance . . . gentle, delicately scented Italian guest soaps . . . and a superb facial mask from England. All are full sizes. Imagine, seven foreign adventures in beauty, all for just $5.95!

What's more, you may actually dip into each fascinating cosmetic, and use it, before making up your mind whether you want to keep this superb introductory kit. Unless you're delighted, you may return the unused portions of all seven fine items within ten days and owe nothing.

However, if you do keep the introductory kit, you'll become a Charter Patron of Importá and will receive a new collection of beauty preparations imported from a different country every two months, on the same generous 10-day trial basis. Each future kit will be worth *at least* $15.00*, but you will only pay $5.95 for each one you keep—*including all import duties, handling and mailing costs.* And you may cancel this arrangement and stop the kits coming whenever you like, with just a word.

With your introductory collection (and with each future collection as well), you'll receive—free of extra cost—a beauty guide that gives you the history of each superb cosmetic and shows you how to use each for the loveliest results.

Be the one woman in 1,000 to share these beauty benefits

As each Importá preparation is made and packaged in the land of its origin, they cannot be mass-produced. Supplies are so limited, only about one woman in a thousand can have them. Send *now* to be one of the fortunate few.

If you keep your introductory collection, *you'll be entitled to re-order any Importá cosmetic you wish, whenever you wish!* Just think—you may be the only one in your circle to have these exclusive, imported cosmetics! Replies will be handled on a first-come, first-served basis . . . so do fill out and mail the coupon today.

*Based on Importá catalog prices.

SEND NO MONEY—JUST MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

importā 350 Fifth Avenue
New York, New York 10001

C116/98

Yes, I want Importá to be my "personal beauty agent" abroad! Please accept my application and send me the Importá Introductory Beauty Collection (worth more than $20.00*), plus the beauty guide, and bill me for only $5.95. I must be delighted or I may return the unused portions of the seven cosmetics within 10 days, at your expense, and owe nothing. If I keep the introductory kit for $5.95, I will then be enrolled as a Charter Patron and will receive a new collection of beauty preparations imported from a different country every two months, on the same 10-day trial terms as the introductory kit. For each future beauty collection I keep you will bill me at the special Importá price of only $5.95. I understand I may take as many or as few kits as I wish, cancel this arrangement at any time by notifying you, and you will send no further kits atfer receiving my notice of cancellation.

(Please check below so we may serve your personal needs.)

My Hair: ☐ Dry ☐ Normal ☐ Oily | **Skin Type:** ☐ Combination ☐ Normal to Dry ☐ Oily | **Skin Tone:** ☐ Fair (light) ☐ Medium ☐ Deep (dark)

My Age: ☐ 16-19 ☐ 20-25 ☐ 26-39 ☐ 40 or over

Miss
Mrs. _____

Address _____ Apt. # _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Offer limited to only one Importá Introductory Beauty Collection per family.

Columbia House

Does your bra

The strap test.

Drop one of the shoulder straps on your brassiere. If you lose support on that side, then your brassiere doesn't fit you.

Support should *not* come from the straps. It comes from the design and structure of the cup itself.

The straps are only there to form and smooth the top of the cup. Many women tighten the straps to get support. And all they get is tight straps. And ridges in their shoulders.

The gap test.

Only a very badly-made brassiere will gap out in the cleavage. Something is wrong with the bra's construction.

Perhaps the bra was designed in a hurry to capitalize on a fashion trend. Creating a new bra is a painstaking procedure. It must be engineered and constructed by experts—with the final test on live models.

If your bra gaps, there's nothing you can do about it. Just use the gap as a hiding place for your money when you go out to buy a bra that fits.

The wrinkle test.

If the cup wrinkles, the bra doesn't fit. But wrinkles don't always mean the bra is too big. Sometimes the cup wrinkles because the bra's too small. Sound impossible?

What happens is that the too-small opening of the cup presses the soft breast tissue against the rib cage and doesn't allow it to flow to the end of the cup.

If your bra wrinkles, maybe it's because you think too little of yourself.



The hike test.

If you flunked the Strap Test, you don't have a chance on this one.

The back probably hiked up because you tightened the straps to get support, which you shouldn't have to do in the first place. See all the trouble you can get into with the wrong bra?

With the right bra, the back stays nice and low where it belongs. It will never hike up. So if the back of your bra is up around your shoulder blades, get another bra.

The change test.

Are you wearing a 34B just because you've always worn a 34B? You might be due for a change. After all, your bust changes.

It changes when body weight changes. It changes when you have children. The Pill changes it. It even changes from hour to hour during the day. And sometimes you'll take a different size because you changed bra styles.

So don't buy a 34B just because that's what you're used to. It's just possible that you're used to the wrong size.

The tight test.

How does the bra feel? A bra can pass all the other tests and still feel too tight or too loose. And a loose bra is just as annoying as a tight one.

When a bra fits correctly, you shouldn't be able to feel it. And once you put it on, you should be able to leave it alone all day. It should never restrict your movement. Or cause even a second of discomfort.

That's what the right bra is all about. A bra that doesn't pass these tests is the wrong bra.

pass these tests?



The final test.

The final test depends on your own good taste and fashion sense. Do you like the bra? Does it give you the shape that goes with today's fashions? Does it make you feel that you look as pretty as you can? Is the fabric nice to the touch?

If your bra flunked.

If your bra didn't pass all these tests, you're probably uncomfortable. And you don't have to be.

Bali doesn't think anyone ever has to be uncomfortable in a bra. That's because we don't just make brassieres —we *engineer* them. We design special fabrics. We plot the direction of every thread in that fabric. And exactly how much force will be placed on that thread when the bra is worn.

Then we test the bra on a live model who is trained to describe the fit and feel of the new brassiere. It may sound like Bali goes to extremes when we make a bra. And maybe we do. But we think that's the only right way to make a bra.

Put us to the test and you'll probably agree with us.

Bali®

BALI is a registered trademark and indicates that the Bali Company, Inc. is the source of the product.

Designed by Umberto Manzo

COUTURE 71

for Davidow

Bold New Look. Patterns of fashion excitement: new overplaids in spirited Spring colors. In a breeze-weight French wool blend. Left, a splendidly suitable look in blue. Short jacket with deep collar, red trim. Right, double-breasted drama in a smashing red coat with rolled collar, white braid trim. Both styles superbly tailored by Davidow. Both beautifully typical of the Couture 71 collection designed by Umberto Manzo.



JEWELRY BY ALEXIS KIRK FOOTWEAR BY CHARLES JOURDAN HAT BY MR. JOHN

Love your hair





Wella Balsam.

When your hairdresser uses Wella Balsam Instant Hair Conditioner, it shows instantly.

Your hair takes on new softness and shine. Wella Balsam repairs damaged hair and keeps healthy hair healthy. So good hairdressers have been using and recommending it for years. Regular for normal hair. Extra Body for fine hair. Only Wella makes the real thing. Ask for it by its full name. Wella Balsam.

The loveliest hair gets Wella care. Ask your hairdresser.

WELLA

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R&K Originals designs for you.

We design for this man at R&K Originals.

This is the man who made the clothes, Manny Eagle, President of R&K Originals.

In his hands is a big reason why they'll look terrific on you.

The fabric.

It's Texfi's 100% polyester doubleknit.

L. to R. about $56, sizes 8-16; $40, 12-20; $65, 10-18.

At lots of stores including Lord & Taylor, New York; Winkelman's, Detroit; The Broadway, Los Angeles.

Texfi™

Somebody once told us if you want to be rich, you better be good.

Texfi Industries, Inc., 104 West 40th St., N.Y.

Divisions: Texfi Street® ▫ Texfi Lively Knits® ▫ Texfi West™ ▫ Texfi Knit-One®



tricolors from gossard-artemis herald the awakening of spring

Bright gypsy sash to wrap you in the mood of spring, to light the morning, enchant the night. Gossard-Artemis Tri-Colour Collection in spring-time soft duPont nylon tricot, Long Gown 5007, about $11; Coat 7007, about $14. As shown and vanilla cream/marigold/mandarin red; blue sky/royal/kelly. The H. W. Gossard Co., Chicago, 60606

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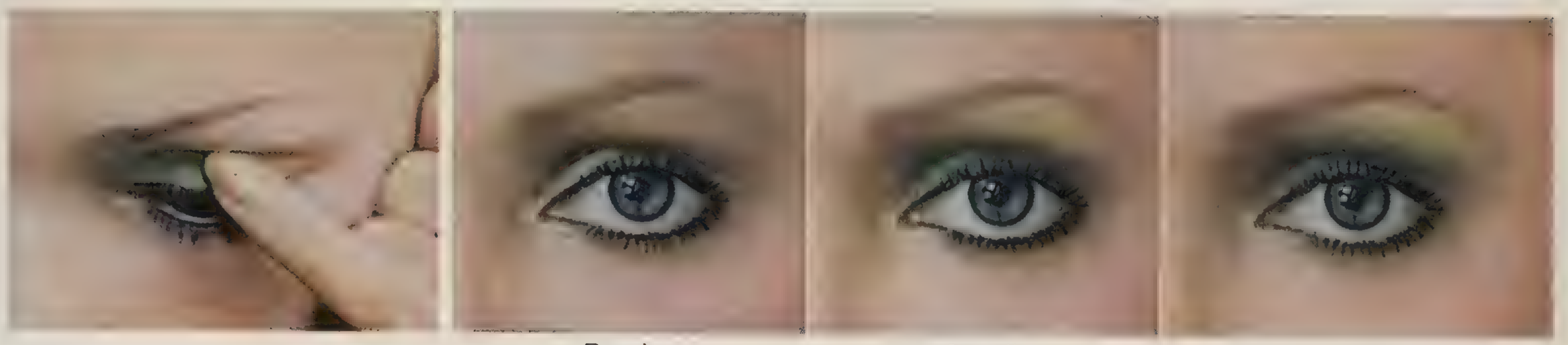
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New...from the master of the 3-dimensional eye!
Andrea brings eyes out of the shadows into the soft lights
Away from the drab darks...away from the frigid frosteds...
away from the shiny silvers. What a way to glow
—in these sheer 'n' shimmery Color-Rays of warm Pearlescence!



And now ANDREA opens up a whole new dimension of ps**eye**chedelic lighting that shows off your eyes in their most favorable light for every color-change of costume.
The world's your oyster, with these super-creamy glosses that let you glow all the way from transparent to a touch of color to the finest shimmering Pearlescent cover —with the flick of a finger or brush.



Pearly... Pearlier... Pearliest!

Hypoallergenic and non-drying to the most sensitive skin ...non-greasy—turn on your eyes all day and night without smearing, smudging, streaking, caking or recharging.
In the latest luminous Color-Rays: PEARL LAVENDER, PEARL BLUE, PEARL WHITE, PEARL TURQUOISE, PEARL GREEN, PEARL BEIGE.
At the very best cosmetics counters, $2.50 each.

ANDREA
PEARL EYES
EYE SHADOW SHEEN

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Old-fashioned pain-killers just hide monthly discomfort. PAMPRIN® Pre-Period Tablets help prevent it.



Today's way is Pamprin.

Pamprin is today's way to relieve menstrual cramps and tension. It goes to work *before* pain starts. Pamprin helps relieve a basic cause of discomfort: temporary water-weight build-up.

Five days or so before your period begins, excess water starts to accumulate, causing painful pressure on nerves and tissues. That's the time to take Pamprin—at the first sign of water-weight gain. Pamprin eases tomorrow's discomfort today.

Try new clinically tested PAMPRIN® Concentrated Douche Powder, too.

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

On the scent of excitement

When one enchanting sexpot after another appears, transmitting nearly visible waves of the same scent, one can be certain it works—that is, it leads to total enslavement. One of the most enslaving odors around is Paco Rabanne's Calandre. It is hard to pin down what makes this mixture so addictive. Breathing it in is like lying face down in a very worldly flowerbed, but that's far from all. Rabanne has tossed in a mysterious top note that has apparently never before been used. Anyway, whatever went into Calandre, what comes out is bliss. New on the scene is a refillable silvery flacon for the purse and a crystal-and-steel atomizer flask for the Eau de Cologne. Both with the dramatic architectural allure that is uniquely Paco Rabanne.



Shade-y story

Some days you look positively fatale in basic black. Some days you look fatal. It all lies in how successful your hair colour is because nothing else reflects the life and dazzle of your skin so truly. The boys over at Alberto-Culver must have been thinking along those lines when they took a giant step by packaging Mix-In ColorController with a new version of New Dawn permanent colouring called, simply, New Dawn 2. Here is a new and logical procedure that helps to pinpoint nuances of colour. You are able to pre-test and determine your most becoming shade, so there should be no angry red in dark hair, and none of the brassy glitter that is a blonding hazard. New Dawn regulars will be gratified to find all their favourite tones in this just-out edition.

Can dew

With all due respect to T.S. Eliot, February is the cruellest month, mixing icy blasts and roughened skin. So if you have observed a flake here, a crumple there, speed to the phone and invite a Vanda Beauty Counselor to show you the whole skin-loving Resplenda series, and specifically their superb Vita-Lo, a lotion so rich it can barely be coaxed from the bottle. The formula is bursting with silkeners and softeners, plus big helpings of vitamins to blandish a skin.

An invitation from Hollywood Star **CYD CHARISSE**



get a lavish $10* Beauty Kit for only $1 *with certificate*

"Andrea, Shulton, Jacqueline Cochran, Ma Griffe, L'Oreal—and a host of other world-leading cosmetic companies want you to discover their exciting cosmetic creations. I know you'll be as delighted as I with these prestige beauty products—featured at the finest cosmetic counters." Cyd Charisse

Just mail the certificate below. In return, World of Beauty Club will send you a lavish $10 Beauty Kit of excitingly different cosmetics—*not* sample sizes—collected from the world's most famous and respected cosmetic companies *. . . all for just $1!*

How Can We Make This Fabulous $1 Offer?

The world's great cosmetic makers want you to discover their most exciting beauty products. They know that once you've had the chance to *try* these products, you'll buy them again and again at your favorite cosmetic counter. But they know, too, that most women hesitate to experiment because of the cost.

So to help you try fine, nationally-advertised cosmetics easily and inexpensively—these distinctive companies are making them available to you *at a fraction* of their value through the World of Beauty Club.

Just the Beginning of Many Delightful Surprises and Beauty Values

After your introductory Beauty Kit, you'll go on getting similar kits of prestige cosmetics and beauty products, automatically, about once every two months—plus, once a year, a deluxe Men's Gift Kit of famous grooming aids—*all on approval*—for as long as you want—for about half what you'd expect to pay.

See for yourself why Cyd Charisse and 2,000,000 other women have joined World of Beauty Club. Mail your certificate today!

Bourjois, Shulton, Andrea, Carven—A Galaxy of Famous Brands For You

Each Kit is brimming with the finest beauty products from companies we all know and trust—costly perfumes . . . new lipsticks . . . eye make-ups . . . moisture lotions . . . bath oils . . . hair conditioners . . . complexion soaps . . . blushers . . . creams . . . colognes . . . from the outstanding cosmetic people in the world.

At the very least, the value of each Beauty Kit will be $10.00 . . . most times, even more. Yet you pay only $4.98 per kit plus shipping and handling for those you choose to keep.

No Risk . . . Ever!

You risk nothing . . . because you are under no obligation to keep any Beauty Kit unless you decide—after carefully examining it—that it's a cosmetic value you simply can't resist. It's entirely up to you. And your $10 Beauty Kit for just $1 is yours to keep regardless.

Free Beauty Guide Magazine with Each Beauty Kit

Internationally renowned experts show you how to make the most of the loveliness that is yours alone. You'll get valuable advice on your figure, complexion, hair . . . discover new ways to make yourself more attractive, more confident. You'll love Beauty Guide Magazine.



$9.00* SAVING CERTIFICATE

Please enroll me and send my first Beauty Kit for which I might expect to pay $10 or even more—plus Beauty Guide Magazine—all for only $1. I understand that I will receive—on approval—an exciting new Beauty Kit about every two months—plus, once a year, a deluxe Men's Gift Kit of famous grooming aids. Each kit will be worth at least $10—yet I may keep any kit for the member's special price of just $4.98 plus shipping and handling (and applicable sales tax). I may cancel my membership at any time.

☐ $1.00 enclosed. I save 98¢ shipping and handling.

☐ Bill me later for $1.00 plus 98¢ shipping and handling.

*Based on manufacturers' suggested retail prices.

World of Beauty Club
623 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill. 60605

To help you serve my needs personally, I am checking:

My Age Group	My Hair Group	My Skin Tone	My Skin Type
☐ 16-19	☐ Blonde	☐ Light	☐ Dry
☐ 20-25	☐ Brunette	☐ Med.	☐ Oily
☐ 26-39	☐ Redhead	☐ Dark	☐ Normal
☐ 40 or over	☐ Silver		
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Every Woman 35 and Over



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Here is your opportunity to receive — at no cost — a generous jar of MOISTURE/35 — the first daytime cosmetic to truly MOISTURIZE • FIRM • PROTECT over-35 skin.

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Order to-day supply is limited.

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L. S. AYRES, Indianapolis
GIMBELS, Milwaukee
NEUSTETERS, Denver
ROBINSON'S, California

BEAUTY CHECKOUT

When in Rome . . .



ELISABETTA CATALANO

We found out that one of the things Roman women do—if they are blazing with chic and high spirits—is head for the Via Condotti so Alba can give them a great hairdo and a good giggle. Her salon is one of the gabbiest, gayest places around, with Alba holding a sort of salon while she does incredibly ept things with fingers, comb, scissors, and lukewarm iron. (Here, she is pressing a long, straight spill of hair into submission.) Alba is, herself, marvellous to look at. Her skin is like cream and her extravagant blond mane is worn long and straight. Or sometimes in a chignon. Curls are jazzy, too, and she does them all the time for other pretty women, so who knows how her hair will be next week—or tomorrow?

Amor vincit omnia but insomnia

A lot of help has been offered the insomniac. Johnny Carson, Dick Cavett, Merv Griffin. All-night radio. Self-hypnosis. Warm milk. Cool sherry. Now two doctors, Anthony and Joyce Kales of the University of California, have reported a simple solution to simple insomnia in the august journal of the American Medical Association: *Go to bed only when sleepy*. But that's the trouble, you can't get sleepy, you say? The doctors recommend establishing a regular bedtime, and unwinding for a while before it. It has been found that exercise several hours before sleep increases deep sleep, but exercise just before bed provokes sleeplessness. Plan ahead—be a fireball all day if you like but, as bedtime nears, turn down all the activity dials—physical and mental, too. Start to think sleepy. Move more slowly. Relax. And once in bed, if you still can't sleep, don't toss and turn. Get up—and rejoice in the fact that you've got a little extra time you hadn't counted on to do something pleasant.

Who in the world uses henna any more?

Florinda Bolkan, Rome-based Brazilian movie actress, does. Florinda, star of *Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion* and *The Last Valley*, is a beauty—long dark hair, dark-brown eyes, ivory skin, a wonderful *felina* smile that accentuates high-angled cheekbones—but she tells you she has no beauty secrets. Then you discover she is hooked on henna—*ennè* as she puts it in an enchanting Italian-French-English voice—which gives her hair strength and a marvellous Titian light. She goes once a month to Alba in Rome for a henna treatment which consists of washing the hair and . . . let Florinda tell it: "Boil up some tea like a witch's brew, add a paste of a little henna powder mixed with a spoon of olive oil—this looks like chocolate mousse. Put it on your hair, sit under a dryer for 45 minutes or walk about for an hour or so, then wash and set hair again." That's it. Result—a *coup de feu* of orange-red thrown over dark hair which women all over Europe are afire with. Anyone wishing to go this route here can get a tin of Hopkins Bronzing Henna—large enough for a year's hair tanning—for $3 from Caswell Massey in New York. . . . Any more beauty secrets from Florinda (who, incidentally, eats enormously, but rides, walks the beach, swims at dawn, luxuriates in fresh air)? Yes. She brushes her heavy eyebrows upwards with a tiny tortoiseshell comb to open the eye; uses Blistex on her mouth, a trick learned here; and sprays her face with Évian water, a rinsing substitute that other owners of dry skin and unsympathetic water system might follow. (More Beauty Checkout, page 76)

What TV didn't tell you about Protein 21 Shampoo.



If you want healthier-looking hair, you should know a few things we didn't have time to tell you on TV.

To begin with, you should know that your hair is almost all protein. Which it can lose.

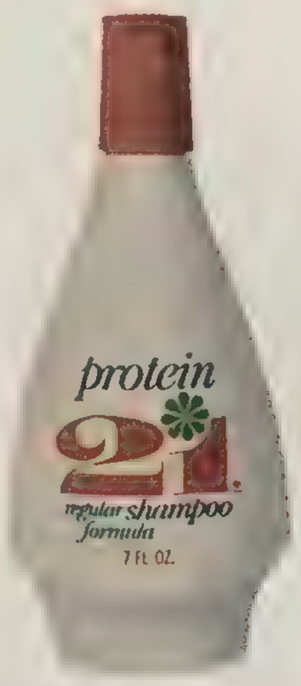
Even normal things like sun and wind can rob your hair of protein. And lots of everyday *un*normal things can damage your hair even more. Things like dryers, bleaches, colorings, teasing, and even some alkaline shampoos can make your hair dull, dry, and brittle.

But Protein 21 Shampoo is good for your hair, because it's rich in protein to help your hair look healthier. Protein is an ingredient virtually all experts agree helps hair to look healthy. Used regularly, our special protein formula can do truly beautiful things.

Replacing lost protein while cleaning. Protein 21 has an incredibly rich, thick, foamy lather. So your hair gets really squeaky clean. And while you're lathering dirt and oils out of your hair, you're actually lathering in something good—protein.

Unbelievable body, control, softness, and sheen.

You'll find that you've actually lathered in extra *body*. So your hair dries with an unbelievable tendency to behave. It feels softer, and is less flyaway than you ever thought possible. Our special protein formula also makes your hair shinier looking. In fact, it even makes *artificially-colored* hair glisten.



The most amazing thing of all happens with regular use.

But the most incredible thing about our formula is that it can actually help make split ends disappear. Actually help you beat those split end frizzies. Which is what we've been telling you on TV.

Maybe Protein 21 Shampoo seems too good to be true. But when you try it, you can find out the truth for yourself. Just like millions of other girls who are already walking around with shinier, softer-feeling, lovelier hair.

Girls like Protein 21 so much, it's already the country's fastest-growing shampoo, even though we've only been around for a few short months.

Use Protein 21 regularly, and you could end up with really beautiful hair. Like on TV.

Human hair with split end, magnified 50 times.



Same hair. After putting on Protein 21 and water, the split disappears. Amazing?



Protein 21 Shampoo really helps you beat the frizzies.



Let your hairdresser color-style your hair with.....

Is your hair color do-it-yourself? Then why not try the easy way? Visit your beauty salon. Let a professional colorist treat you with Roux, the *professional* colorings. Relax, while Roux and your beautician take over. Then open your eyes to the silken sheen, the younger, healthier look, the coverage of gray, the lustrous color-styling. If you've known only do-it-yourself results, your mirror will show you a new concept of hair color beauty.

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PROFESSIONAL COSMETICS FOR LOVELIER HAIR COLOR

FANCI-TONE* Creme Hair Tint for lasting color ■ NICE CHANGE* Hair Color Lotion for semi-permanent color ■ FANCI-FULL* Rinse for temporary color ■ Let your hairdresser advise the type, as well as the color, that best suits your needs.

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We put 10% more deodorant into Norforms Feminine Spray than leading sprays . . . to make sure it's the most effective yet gentlest spray you can buy to stop odor in the external feminine area.

BEAUTY CHECKOUT

(Continued from page 57) ism—that's the watchword at Help Unlimited, a new Los Angeles health-food oasis on Third Street near Fairfax, catty-corner from the Farmers Market. No meat is served here, and no wine (though you can bring your own). Its name comes from the first letters of Health, Education, Love, Peace, and its owners, Mr. and Mrs. Warren Stagg, both left successful careers—he as a sculptor and sometimes actor, she in the real-estate business—because of their growing interest in meditation and the health-food movement. The walls at HELP are ablaze with psychedelic murals, but there's nothing psychedelic about the cooking, which is good by any standards. . . . The menu changes every day; there are generally three soups, four breads, twelve salads, ten sandwiches, half-a-dozen desserts to choose from. A favourite HELP sandwich involves cucumbers, alfalfa sprouts, lentils, watercress, parsley, protein-rich sesame and sunflower seeds. . . . Besides serving five or six hundred people a day in their restaurant, the Staggs run a complete catering service (Bill Cosby, among others, has a standing order for a health-food-lunch-to-go). There's a brisk demand for their with-it wedding cakes—topped with such goodies as whipped bananas, carob powder, fruits, nuts, decorated with peace symbols or vivid flowers instead of cherubs.

Spread out along the Sunset Strip, in a cheerful clutter of wooden tables and brightly-coloured captain's chairs, is the Source, a health-food oasis that serves 75 people outdoors, 30 indoors. The outdoor part is a wonderful vantage-point for observing the Sunset Strip strollers and boutique shoppers. Outdoors or in, the Source is simon-pure vegetarian, even offering a meatless hamburger, the Source Special. Instead of a tasteless bun, you get seven-grain whole wheat bread; instead of the burger, a tasty concoction of *guacamole*, sliced fresh mushrooms, alfalfa sprouts, and melted cheese—this can be cheddar, Swiss, or Monterey Jack. Price, $1.50. . . . The Source offers ten different salads, all of natural raw vegetables or fruits, all served with eggless mayonnaise or eggless blue-cheese dressing. The owner, Jim Baker, has deep convictions about the link between pure foods, health, and spiritual development; on Sundays the restaurant is closed, while Mr. Baker lectures on these topics in the adjoining building.

On Melrose Avenue (in the La Brea-Fairfax area) is Nucleus Nuance, a small—under-fifty capacity—flourishing restaurant opened five years ago by Rudy Marshall, formerly first chef at the Aware Inn. Mr. Marshall does all his own cooking, and all his own marketing—prowling the downtown Los Angeles produce area in the pre-dawn hours to nab the freshest organically-grown vegetables and fruits. He also buys, and cuts, all his own meat, as Nucleus Nuance is non-vegetarian. In fact, one of its specialties is Safari Stew, combining several different meats with fresh fruits in season. . . . Desserts here are mouth-watering: Lady Jana is a carob mousse with whipped cream and walnuts; Moon Pudding combines cream cheese, lemon, cherries.

At The Taming of the Stew, a tiny restaurant on Larrabee Street, in Hollywood, there's a big bowl in the middle of each table brimming with sunflower seeds and organically-grown raisins—to nibble on while you plot your next move. You don't nibble with cocktails, because none are served; neither are coffee, tea, wine, cigarettes, or anything else that the owners, Russell and Vivian Friedman, consider harmful. Meat and fish are available—scampi, freshly-caught trout, baby veal liver—but there are also meatless main courses for those who prefer them. . . . The special house salad is spectacular: thirteen shredded fresh vegetables plus mushrooms and avocado, served with a home-made dressing of cold-pressed soybean oil, cider vinegar, fresh herbs.

Pond's used to appeal to ladies who wore nice, sensible bloomers.



It still does.

She'd snap on her bloomers and slap on the Pond's, and she was our customer in 1907.

She still is.

Except now it's 1971, and so is she. A sassy and savvy 1971 who's betting her bloomers she's a knockout in knickers. Believe it, nobody's going to con her when it comes to basic beautifying.

We're not even going to try.

Because we know she knows Pond's four little unpretentious Skin Basic Creams are as ego-building (and downright effective) as most of that exotic, erotic, neurotic glamour goo.

Skin Basics are this:

Oily Skin Treatment: In one little jar, super-mop-up stuff that cleanses and treats oily skin. (You can buy a fancier one, but not a better one.)

Dry Skin Cream: A homogenized emollient cream that does the renewing, re-you-ing things the expensive creams claim. (You can buy a flashier one, but not a better one.)

Light Moisturizer: Sheer, greaseless protection and prettier to wear under makeup. (You can buy a snootier one, but not a better one.)

Cold Cream Cleanser: It's been scrubbing faces since 1907. (You can buy a sexier one, but not a better one.)

All of which means if you'd like to build up beautiful in about 7 days (with no flimflam or Finance Charges), button up your bloomers and go get yourself the Skin Basics.

Where does Pond's get off pushing you around like that? Honey, we've been living together for 64 years.

There's a lot more to Pond's these days than just cold cream.



Skin Basics by Pond's

Vassarette® bodydressing.



Lounging like an Arabian princess. That's what Vassarette Bodydressing is. Costuming in culottes of crazy color. In the flowing softness of "Crepe 70" nylon. With a top lined in nylon chiffon—and just a moment of beautiful bare middle to make it all come together. To make him come hither. About $50.

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Smoke pretty. eve.





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Beautiful wigs are a dime a dozen.

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ELURA
Monsanto

An exaggeration? Not really. Wigs have become the biggest thing since the spit curl. One out of every four women owns one, or more. And it's true, beautiful wigs are not hard to find at any price.

But what's beauty if you can have more? That's why we made the new Schiaparelli wig with Elura® modacrylic — a fantastic new *polymer-spun hair* that's closer to the actual structure and qualities of real hair than any other wig fiber in existence.

Beautiful? Absolutely. But that was the easy part. Because of Elura, you won't need hair spray, even if you have to face the nasty elements. And no hair spray means no more stickiness and fewer washings.

There's no "shine" (that's a first!). You can brush it many different ways or *back-comb* it or *set* it wet and re-style it with electric curlers or your dryer. And never will our wig go frizzy or limp or lose its precious curls, *not* even if you open the oven door.

The new Schiaparelli wig. In your own natural color, or anyone else's. At $40. It's a lot more than just another beautiful wig.



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Blaze of an Imperial Ball

for Serge Obolensky

They were all there—the St. Petersburg crowd of 1910: Russian princesses, the Guard de Chevalier, exquisites with wolfhounds, even Rasputin, and Rosa Luxemburg wearing a cartridge belt. The four hundred guests for the Nine O'Clocks Winter Ball to celebrate the eightieth birthday of Colonel Obolensky, who was born a prince of the Russian Imperial Court, passed up red-carpeted stairs of New York's Plaza Hotel. In the Grand Ballroom blazing with candles, violins sighed, egret plumes swayed, and Colonel Obolensky charmingly led guests onto the floor for a polonaise of the past.


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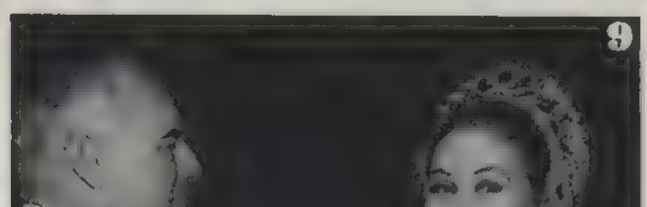

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1. Mrs. John R. Drexel, III; Colonel Serge Obolensky. 2. Count Vassili Adlerberg, Mrs. Coleman Bassett. 3. Condesa de Romanones, Mr. Milton Holden. 4. Mr. and Mrs. Michael M. Thomas. 5. L.A.R. Duc and Duchesse d'Orléans. 6. Mme. Jean-Claude Abreu, Mrs. Graham D. Mattison, Baron Alexis de Rédé. 7. Mr. and Mrs. Wyatt E. Cooper. 8. The Grand Ballroom. 9. Mr. Graham D. Mattison, Mrs. Alfred S. Bloomingdale. 10. Mrs. Guilford Dudley, junior; Mr. Henry B. Platt. 11. Duc and Duchesse de Crussol d'Uzès.


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Season's snap off: Art at a ball in New Orleans

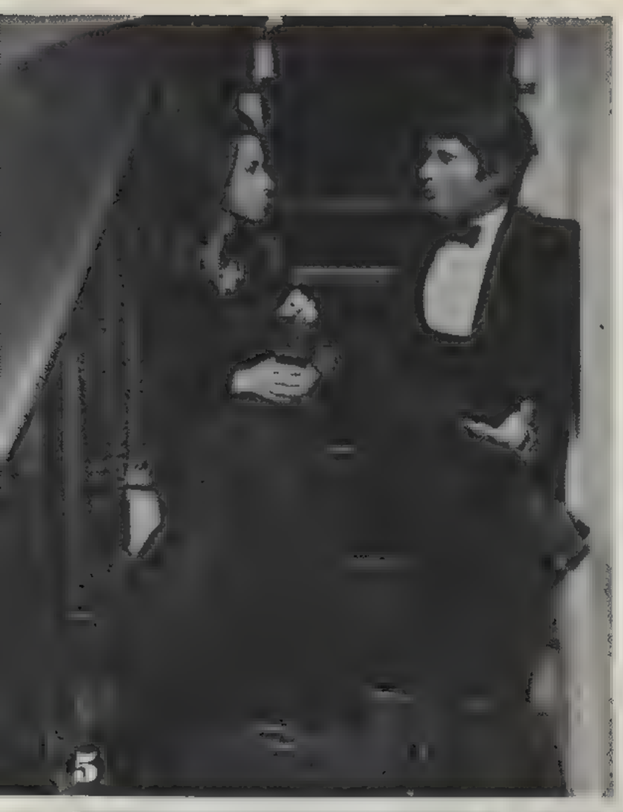








Guests from dinner parties all over town swept on to the fifth annual Odyssey Ball in the Isaac Delgado Museum of Art, where an exhibition of paintings by the London Surrealist and stage designer Felix Kelly was opening in one of the galleries. A New Zealander who loves Southern architecture, Kelly in his landscapes transports famous houses to fantasy settings. At this first ball of the season, women in their newest long dresses and men individualists in jackets of velvet or brocade, black or midnight-blue velvet bow ties danced until morning to benefit the Museum.


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1. The party in the Delgado Museum. 2. Mr. and Mrs. James C. Roddy. 3. Mrs. Samuel Logan; the artist whose paintings were shown, Mr. Felix Kelly. 4. Mr. and Mrs. Frank G. Strachan with Felix Kelly's painting of their house. 5. Mrs. Arthur C. Pulitzer, Mr. Martin L. C. Feldman. 6. Mr. and Mrs. James J. Reiss, junior. 7. Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Derks. 8. Mr. and Mrs. William Holton, junior. 9. Mr. and Mrs. Hans Jonassen, in front of a Bernardino Luini painting, "Adoration of a Christ Child." 10. Mr. and Mrs. Ward Landrigan, III, in front of a fourteenth-century French wood sculpture. 11. Mr. and Mrs. Norman N. Newhouse.

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Steak: the American Way

BY MAXIME McKENDRY

As patriotic as any apple pie, steak suits Americans, pioneers by habit who don't eat soufflés when there's work to be done. The French feel the same way about *biftek, pommes frites.* They linger through two-hour luncheons over steaks, have invented delicious sauce change-ups for grilled meat.

PANBROILED STEAK

Rub an iron skillet with oil, sprinkle with dried herbs (thyme, sage, tarragon), and heat to maximum. Sear steak on either side; reduce heat, add a little oil or butter, and cook gently—uncovered—to desired doneness. The steak will be moister than when grilled, sauces may be added to flavour the meat in the last minutes. To keep juices in, let steak rest at room temperature before slicing.

Chopped fresh parsley always makes a steak look terrific; Lemon-Pepper Marinade, made by Reese Finer Foods, is a grand seasoner. For plus flavour, top the steak with one of these butters or sauces:

GARLIC BUTTER: 1 cup peeled garlic cloves, parboiled, blended with 2¼ sticks softened butter. Rub through a fine sieve; season.
MAÎTRE D'HÔTEL BUTTER: 1 tablespoon chopped parsley blended with 1⅛ sticks softened butter, a squeeze of lemon juice. Season.
SHALLOT BUTTER: ⅝ cup finely chopped shallots, parboiled and squeezed dry, blended with 1⅛ sticks softened butter.
SOLFERINO SAUCE: Put 15 very ripe tomatoes, peeled, through a food mill. Simmer pulp and juice until syrupy and thick, add salt, a pinch Cayenne pepper, 3 tablespoons beef essence (or gravy or concentrated bouillon—omit salt in that case), and juice ½ lemon. Remove from flame and add Maître d'Hôtel Butter and Shallot Butter (recipes above), mixing together to form a thick paste. Drained canned whole tomatoes may substitute for fresh.

SAUCE BÉARNAISE

¼ cup dry white wine
¼ cup tarragon vinegar
2 tablespoons finely chopped shallots
3 egg yolks
1½ sticks butter, softened
Lemon juice
1 large sprig fresh tarragon, chopped (or 1 teaspoon dried tarragon)
1 teaspoon chopped fresh chervil (or dried)

Boil herbs and shallots in wine and vinegar until reduced to ¼. Drain liquid into saucepan or double boiler and cool. Add egg yolks, stir over low flame or boiling water. Add butter, a little at a time, stirring. Slowly stir in a squeeze of (Continued on page 90)

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VOGUE'S FOOD GAZETTE

(Continued from page 88)

lemon juice. When thickened, add herbs, season. Serve in sauceboat warmed gently—too much heat will curdle the sauce. *Note:* Should the sauce curdle, start over with a fresh egg yolk and a pat of butter in another pan, slowly stir in the curdled sauce. Use as little heat as possible.

BORDELAISE SAUCE FOR RIB STEAK

(six to eight servings)

½ cup red wine
6 shallots, finely chopped
½ cup beef marrow
Juice of 1 lemon
2 bay leaves
1 teaspoon chopped fresh thyme (or 2 teaspoons dried thyme)
6 tablespoons butter or margarine
Salt and pepper

POACH MARROW 15 TO 20 MINUTES. CHOP. SIMMER WINE WITH SHALLOTS UNTIL REDUCED TO ⅓; ADD HERBS, BUTTER IN SMALL PIECES, COOK GENTLY 5 MINUTES. STRAIN. ADD MARROW AND LEMON JUICE. SEASON TO TASTE JUST BEFORE SERVING: POUR OVER STEAK OR SERVE SEPARATELY. THIS SAUCE MADE WITH WHITE WINE IS GOOD WITH GRILLED VEAL OR PORK.

Stock from the marrow bones is good for soups or stews, or it's wonderful for house plants—use it to water them.

SAUCE MARCHAND DE VIN

This Wine Merchant's Sauce is a favourite of the Paris bistros near the wine brokerage offices and warehouses on the Right Bank.

½ cup red wine, Bordeaux or Beaujolais
3 teaspoons finely chopped shallots
Pinch salt, ½ teaspoon freshly ground pepper
1 tablespoon beef essence (or bouillon reduced to ⅓, omit salt)
1¼ sticks butter, softened
Juice ¼ lemon
1 tablespoon chopped parsley

Simmer shallots in wine until reduced ½; add beef essence, seasonings, and parsley. Stir in butter, bit by bit; then lemon juice. Mix well and serve along with steak, or pour over panbroiled steak in the skillet to warm through.

Ask for "Butcher's Tenderloin" (butchers call it a "hanger"); before broiling, marinate in Worcestershire sauce with a little mustard.

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FROM FEBRUARY 1
THROUGH FEBRUARY 15

HORO-SCOPE

BY MARIA ELISE CRUMMERE



MIA FARROW

Born February 9, Mia Farrow is an Aquarian who delights in shifting from one dramatic situation to another. The desire to change plans, opinions, homes, even consciousnesses is in keeping with the Cardinal cross in her chart. Her trinity of Air signs —Aquarius, Libra, Gemini—shows joy in airing her independence. The Aquarian is conscious of fame, raises the image by doing the unusual.

ARIES, March 21–April 20. You make a strong start in competition; but when your sharp wit detects a failure potential, you will abandon the whole idea. Financial prospects abound now, but they contain a gamble. Your doubts are aroused by social activities involved. Seek out older colleagues for reassurance. You surprise those who think you don't seek financial success. You have a capacity for making money and are determined to amass it.

TAURUS, April 21–May 21. Yours is the most patient sign, and you put confidence in the slow, steady return. With an instinct for the propitious moment, you enter business matters quietly without wasting time or energy. Born with a strong ego, you are self aware and can focus benefits from many sources inward. Your financial manoeuvering is tested at the lunar eclipse. When partners clash, you are at your best as the negotiator.

GEMINI, May 22–June 21. The first week it would be wise to exert your influence through alternate programs. Achievement takes priority over gain. A mass environment overwhelms you, reduces your energy and productiveness. Your practical solutions are needed now. The second week is a time of winning, when your decisiveness shines. You change your personality to match the pursuit, the idea, or the person—that's why you stay young.

CANCER, June 22–July 23. Giving to the world is an emotional satisfaction for you. You do well as an actor; for giving en masse, rather than through personal contact, reduces the sources of pain. The second week is the happier, the lunar eclipse bringing an unresolved matter to a decision. There is financial endorsement as well. You love possessions, are always collecting. And you know how to sell, not luxury but a volume business.

LEO, July 24–August 23. Your sign rules the heart. You measure your success by the love and excitement you bring to others. The second week should bring (Continued on page 94)



The Ascot Culotte, from our latest loungewear separates collection, is a willowy, braid-belted jumpsuit. So chic you'll wear it dancing under the stars. So carefree you could take it on safari. And so compatible with other loungewear separates: this dashing Navy vest for one. Both are Vanilure®, our exclusive shape-crepe, in 8 to 16. Jumpsuit also in Aqua Haze or Pink Clover. About $38. Vest, about $16. Vanity Fair Mills, Inc., 640 Fifth Ave., New York.

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V-2

vogue's

Continued from page 92

HOROSCOPE

a major event, for the lunar eclipse is in your birth sign. This time you can wait for others to initiate what is due you—saving you the responsibility. You inspire others with your belief, dramatizing everything because you love a success story.

VIRGO, August 24–September 23. It is said that you enjoy your work; it is rather that you find new ways to success through experience. You are good at assessing another person's value, and your ability to recognize an expert is helpful in business. The first week, weigh the motives of others; so that the lunar eclipse in the second week will not cause problems. A disruption in basic order would overwhelm you; Virgo prefers sequence.

LIBRA, September 24–October 23. Extravagance is typical of Libra. Choose a job in a luxury field, where rich surroundings will suit you. Profit and indulgence can then be combined. At the lunar eclipse, if you accept a responsibility, a hope long wished for can be reached. As you need others to boost your ego, try it. Although you are a good comparison buyer, it's best just now to work unhampered by the exacting idea of gain or loss.

SCORPIO, October 24–November 22. You might rightfully be called the "failure conqueror," indefatigable and very thorough. You do not have your eye on success per se but focus on the weakest point in any circumstance. A challenge to you at the lunar eclipse, the second week, brings a clarification. You base your stability on proven values, neither asking leniency nor giving quarter in any race, conscious of your power.

SAGITTARIUS, November 23–December 22. Since you are an incorrigible optimist, when one idea fails, you try another. Not for you the long, patient grind; you prefer to juggle the ideas that come so fast. Which to pursue is the problem. Boost all your ideas the first week, and be ready for a windfall at the lunar eclipse in the second week. During that week the power of providence favours you. You are at your best when selling an idea.

CAPRICORN, December 23–January 20. To be thought honourable is important to those born in Capricorn. They would rather lose an advantage if, in winning, dignity and honour were sacrificed. Organization is your best ability. When the lunar eclipse stirs others around you, you may need a close rein to keep the atmosphere you like best: order. You are conservative; time enters into every important event in your history.

AQUARIUS, January 21–February 18. Aquarians are the ones who can raise our world from its troubled state; they are not limited to the individual view. The lunar eclipse in your sign brings a test; new horizons will open, if a friend does not block the way. You do not try to make history, having no time to earn it; you are too busy with untried ideas. Quick to divorce in any area, Aquarians are true to only one thing: change.

PISCES, February 19–March 20. The philosophical world where ideas are tested, sorted, selected gives full play to your vision. If you flutter about uselessly the first week, the second week advantages will be lost. Vacillation will obscure cherished goals; regret will result. Pisceans, discontented and elusive by nature, work best when prodded into bringing comfort or satisfaction to others. Then they act earnestly and with vigour.

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Left: "Florence" Royal Cord & Tucked Knit Jersey Combo. 60% Dacron®, 40% nylon. White. 8-18, 6P-16P. About $20.
Center: "Astronautte" Calif. Weight Double Knit. 100% Textured Dacron®. White, Skipper Blue. 6-16. About $24.
Right: "Poncho" Calif. Weight Double Knit. 100% Textured Dacron®. White, Skipper Blue. About $35.
"Gaucho Pants" White, Black. 6-18. About $15.

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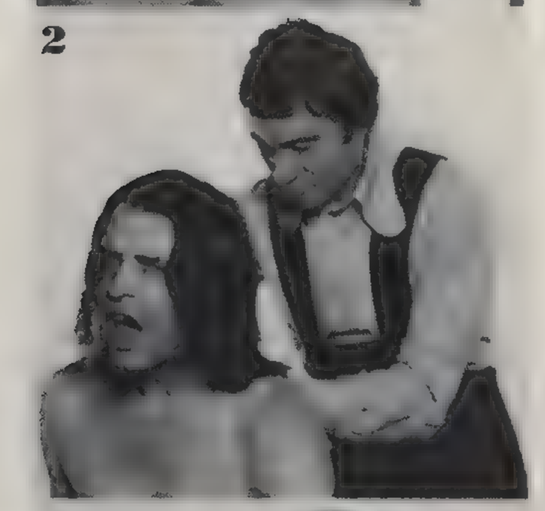
MEN IN VOGUE

Lengths in brief:

longer coats, shorter hair



1



2



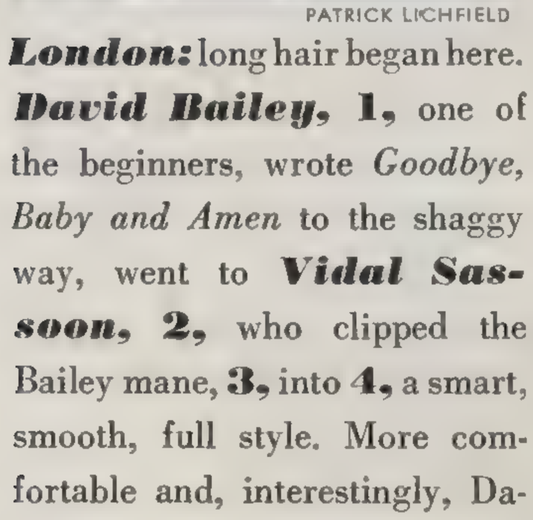
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4

PATRICK LICHFIELD

London: long hair began here. ***David Bailey,*** **1,** one of the beginners, wrote *Goodbye, Baby and Amen* to the shaggy way, went to ***Vidal Sassoon,*** **2,** who clipped the Bailey mane, **3,** into **4,** a smart, smooth, full style. More comfortable and, interestingly, David looks the younger for it. In New York, a handsome home for Vidal's barbers: Vidal Sassoon Barber Shop, Bonwit Teller Men's Shop.



ELLEN BLUME GRAHAM

Los Angeles: the ***Burt Bacharachs*** know . . . a below-the-calf raincoat makes most sense when raindrops keep falling on your head . . . and even when they don't. It's the style leader . . . means the end of the rain-soaked trouser leg . . . is cut for the maximum of dash—narrow through the body, flared at the waist for easy striding. Perfect examples: Burt's coat, double-breasted pale rubberized poplin. By Jupiter of Paris. About $75. Saint-Germain Elysée, 1025 Third Avenue, N.Y.C. Angie's coat, pale poplin by Anne Klein. . . .



Putting it on: new in ***shampoo . . . high protein diet*** for the hair, left, to restore lost protein for fuller, more lustrous hair. **6.** Handsome plastic-and-wood package of new Kanøn Rich Shampoo with Protein, $3.50 for five ounces . . . new in *scent* . . . ***Patchouli,*** an ancient one again in high favour with modern men, involved in many blended colognes, now a notable solo in new Viva Patchouly by Swank. $4.



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FEBRUARY 1, 1971

VOGUE'S

EYE VIEW: ...CAN SPRING BE FAR BEHIND?

Don't tell Marisa Berenson, here, that the hyacinths aren't out yet or that the voice of the turtle hasn't been heard in the land . . . the blithe spirits among us know in their own secret ways when it's time to shake themselves free of winter and spring into spring. So the next time you see a pretty girl fizzing around like champagne bubbles, just ask yourself — how far behind can spring really be? Another sign: the pouffy, splashy, leather-edged, hooded knit bloomer dress in black and white — one of the nifty new day looks from the New York Spring Collections; q.v., next page. This, by Bonnie Cashin for Philip Sills; Jasco wool knitted in America. About $180. Lord & Taylor; Hengerer's; Dayton's; Hovland-Swanson. Plumed hat (about to be thrown in the air), by Halston. Saint Laurent choker. Bonnie Doon tights. Golo shoes.

BERRY BERENSON

YOUR BEST SPRING DAYS

FROM THE NEW YORK COLLECTIONS

An American woman today—of any age—however much she may hate to get up, gets up early, and she's out in the street and on about her business and the light of day is around her. And now the light of day has the slight, tantalizing clarity of spring to it. Just a hint. But while most of us are still in our boots and furs, the practical women of this country move with the light—right now, when the new spring fashions are as fresh and abundant in the stores as jonquils in the field, they are plotting and planning from the first dazzling largesse. . . . Therefore, in these pages: the advance shoppers' guide to the all day/everyday looks that will take you from A to Z as the season unfolds.

So, here we are . . . we have our coats and our long swoopy capes. We have our little knit and jersey dresses that we zip right into and walk right out in, and wear as we like . . . unbelted or with fringe tied at the waist, with elephant hide strapped around our throat, with printed scarfs wrapped around our head. We have our jumpsuits and knickers. And the suède skirts and tops that we put together with good leather belts and gleaming buckles. . . . We have chocolate, greige, and chamois. We have scarlet—and by scarlet we mean red fire, the most cleansing thing next to your skin. On the other hand: we have navy, than which nothing is more spic and span . . . a proper little navy tailor's suit with a pleated skirt and a longer jacket over a crisp white shirt, plus navy ribbed stockings and navy-and-white Oxford ties will sparkle you all over town. . . . And we have prints—the busy, whizzy small prints of spring in clean, bruised-berry colours that you can intensify with wonderful other-colour scarfs and sashes and canvas boots of brilliant green or violet.

Choose your coat for the life you lead . . . a white coat is beautiful for both day and evening, over a pale-blue knit dress or a black jersey and, if you don't mind the cleaning bills, great to travel with. A leather coat is not as hot to wear as you may have been led to believe—it's perfect for now. Newest of all: the straight, unbelted, long-bodied coat—much like a Napoleonic campaign coat.

Make an everyday uniform for yourself. With your greige knit dress and topcoat: white ribbed stockings, white buckled pumps. With grey suède short shorts: a Tattersall shirt, laced weskit, ribbed grey legs, grey suède ghillies. . . . Wrap a leather skirt around a leotard and, from your shoulder, swing a big patchwork bag with lots of colours, lots of fringe, and snaffle-hook closings of polished brass.

Beautify America!—on the streets and the highways, in airports and seaports, your day look should be practical and/or picturesque, and a delight to see. Get into the clothes that make you feel happy and forget them; put everything into the lift of your spine and the length of your walk. . . . To look pretty is something every one of us owes to oneself, to the people who know us, and to the people who don't . . . but how nice of you to make them wish they did. . . .

BONNIE CASHIN does a beautiful little mauve suède suit for Philip Sills, right, that swoops and slits and snaps and locks up with turn-of-the-screw brass closings—and if there is any time or any place you wouldn't feel free, swinging, and delicious turned out like this, we would be very, very surprised. . . . About $295. Saks Fifth Avenue; Hengerer's; Dayton's; Hovland-Swanson. Fendi choker. Celia Sebiri cuffs for Henri Bendel. Berkshire navy tights. Baldino shoes, at Fiorentina.
Other stores carrying fashions from The New York Spring Collections, page 191.



PENN





THE NEW YORK SPRING COLLECTIONS

LEATHER AND SUÈDE...

AND YOUR DAY IS MADE

HIGHLANDER knows what the rovers want to live in—like the long ginger suède reversible vest and gaucho pants, left, at New York's Lincoln Center. The vest just ties in front and it leads two lives, suède today—tiger-striped acrylic pile tomorrow when you wear it in reverse. Vest, about $105; gauchos, about $75. Bonwit Teller; Rike's; Dayton's. Shirt at Jax. Belt by Yves Saint Laurent. Long spats: Leggins by Burlington. Coiffure by Maurice Tidy of Vidal Sassoon.

OSCAR DE LA RENTA puts you right in the red, right, and you'll never want to get out of it . . . a rocket-red suède coat to fling on over a matching suède dress with a slit-front skirt and navy worsted jersey turtleneck top, and away you roar . . . the road is yours. Turnout at Bonwit Teller; Hutzler's; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Joseph Horne; Maison Blanche; Sakowitz; El Palacio de Hierro, Mexico City. Earrings by K.J.L. Phoenix tights. Boots: Battani Boutique. Coiffure by Phillip Mason of Vidal Sassoon.

ALEXIS WALDECK



THE NEW YORK SPRING COLLECTIONS

LEATHER

MODELIA'S Frank Masandrea has done a super suède-taped coat, left, for girls who want to feel free in their clothes and fast on their feet...navy Melton cloth taped in rust suède and tied just to the waist so the coat swings open and your legs swing through in knickers or boots...and on any street in the world, you are something to see! (The Street of Good Looks here, the one in front of New York's Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts.) Coat, of French River Mills wool loomed in America; about $130. Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; The Denver. K.J.L. earrings. Berkshire knee socks.

MODELIA does it again, right, in buff suède with a smooth leather plastron...this time, Frank Masandrea sends you off with buttons to the waist, and the coat falls back over brown jersey pants. Coat, about $110. Pants and matching tunic, of wool knitted in America (Duplex International fabric), about $110. Turnout at Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Hengerer's; Nan Duskin; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Jacobson's, Michigan; I. Magnin. K.J.L. earrings. Thomas Robbins chain. Petroff clogs by Abratt. Both pages: Coro ring, coiffures by Phillip Mason of Vidal Sassoon.

ALEXIS WALDECK





THE NEW YORK SPRING COLLECTIONS

PRINTS IN MIXED PATTERNS

TO LIVEN YOUR DAY

BOUTIQUE DONALD BROOKS finds printed borders a wonderful way to mix patterns and does a cross-the-border switch of Paisley, left, on shiny vinyl—black, white, and chrome yellow patterns you wrap and sash like a man's bathrobe and wear like a raincoat on all those wet spring days and nights. In Chardon-Marché vinyl-coated cotton. About $130. Saks Fifth Avenue; Hengerer's; Jacobson's, Michigan; Dayton's; Gus Mayer; Neiman-Marcus. Bracelets by Oscar de la Renta. Boots by Charles Jourdan.

OSCAR DE LA RENTA plants delicious fresh-with-green flower borders, right, on a pongee shirtdress that's spring itself—the kind you'll wear whenever the mood strikes you, just about any hour, any month of the year. In silk, about $295. Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Dayton's; Maison Blanche; Swanson's; Sakowitz; El Palacio de Hierro, Mexico City. Bracelets by Danecraft, Monet. Beautiful Bryans stockings. Julianelli laced sandals. Coiffures by Franklyn Welsh—and they're blowing with glorious Tried and True colour, the kind Max Factor shampoos clean through your hair, in Red Gold Blonde at left, and Golden Blonde, right.



THE NEW YORK SPRING COLLECTIONS

PRINTS FOR DAY



JOAN LESLIE's man, Kasper, gives you a scarfed chemise for all seasons,
left—lively black-and-white blocks that make a fast change of tempo in time to strike up a bright banded hem. Of Qiana nylon (Couleur International fabric) ; about $145. Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Bramson; I. Magnin. Necklace: William de Lillo. Rings by Vince Pasacane, Thomas Robbins, Alexis Kirk.

JOAN LESLIE and Kasper come on loud and clear with the wowiest thing that's ever happened to windowpane print,
right—a nonstop stopper bouncing pleats off the hip and on out to a wide-bordered hem. Of Qiana nylon (Couleur International fabric) ; about $140. Saks Fifth Avenue; Rike's; Jacobson's, Michigan; Harzfeld's; Frost Bros. Hector Jorge necklace. Cuff by Celia Sebiri, at Henri Bendel.

Both pages: Belle-Sharmeer tights; Jacques Cohen boots, at I. Miller; coiffures by Phillip Mason of Vidal Sassoon.


PENN

THE NEW YORK SPRING COLLECTIONS

PRINTS FOR DAY

PENN

CHESTER NOW's designer, Chester Weinberg, is a great one for mixing prints; look how he plays dots against dots on the brown-and-white crêpe de Chine suit, left—the jacket thrown open so the whole world sees the dotted voile shirt and the way the pleated skirt blows free. Rayon suit, cotton shirt; about $145. Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Adolfo hat. Chokers: Celia Sebiri for Henri Bendel. Oscar de la Renta cuffs. Franklyn Welsh coif.

CHESTER WEINBERG mixes violets with his prints, so you can have one of the prettiest shirtdresses in town, right—the georgette top is flecked with tiny diamonds and the pleated silk skirt and scarf are massed with big ones patterned in purple, olive—it's the kind of dress you simply live in. Rayon georgette printed by Gianni Cereda; printed Abraham silk. About $295. Saks Fifth Avenue; Maison Blanche; Neusteters; Neiman-Marcus. Alwand Vahan jewellery: Bergdorf Goodman. Schiaparelli tights. Fiorentina shoes. Ara Gallant coif.

. . . Where there's such flame there's more than fire these days— some pretty hot stuff in a shade called Honey Auburn, one of Revlon's sure- fire Colorsilks.

THE NEW YORK
SPRING COLLECTIONS

PRINTS FOR DAY





MOLLIE PARNIS BOUTIQUE knows nothing beats a shirtdress, so here's a winner, left, in dotted silk print—circles of white on navy, then navy and red on white. The bang-up bright look of mixed patterns is terrific—lace red boots with it this month and long leggy sandals the next. About $165. Bergdorf Goodman; Joseph Horne; Famous-Barr; I. Magnin. Ring by Tzivia Horiuchi for Hattie Carnegie. Danskin tights.

RODRIGUES of Peter Clements goes into reverse to make the most of a nifty knit print, right—navy on cream cotton for the bodice, cream on navy the rest of the way. From here you can only go forward—to just about any corner of the world. About $110. Saks Fifth Avenue; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Halle's-Cleveland; Harzfeld's; Sakowitz. Madcaps hat. Belt by Margo's Ménage. Satchel by Coco Creations. Hanes tights. Both pages: cuffs by Celia Sebiri for Henri Bendel; boots by Jacques Cohen; coiffures by François of Kenneth.

PENN

THE NEW YORK SPRING COLLECTIONS

PRINTS FOR DAY



PENN

LARRY ALDRICH dots the i of plaid and off you go in blinding blue-and-white tie-silk geometry, left—a look of shirt-sleeved dash you can make your daily thing all spring, with or without the sleeveless bolero of navy wool jersey. About $295. Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle's-Cleveland; L. S. Ayres; Maison Blanche; Lou Lattimore. Hat by Adolfo. Hector Jorge necklace. Belt by Margo's Ménage. Alexis Kirk rings. Berkshire tights. Shoes: I. Miller Ingenue. Ara Gallant coiffure.

MALCOLM STARR INTERNATIONAL's designer, Rizkallah, has a trio of great looks going for you, right—shirtdress, pleats, print. All you have to do is button it up and breeze off to lunch, to the country, to you-name-it anywhere on earth. In polyester surah. About $130. Bloomingdale's; Hudson's; Boston Store; Harzfeld's; Sakowitz; Frost Bros.; Joseph Magnin. Belt by Elegant. K. J. L. bracelets. Belle-Sharmeer tights. Shoes: Beth's Bootery. François of Kenneth coif.



THE NEW YORK SPRING COLLECTIONS

QUILTING COATS

PUT THE BOUNCE IN YOUR DAY

ORIGINALA's quilted all the flowers into a ravishing jersey coat, left, that you'll wear and wear the whole year round with all the violets you own. So open it high as the violet suède belt and give the world a glimpse of violet-laced legs. Of cotton and rayon. About $395. At Martha; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Halle's-Cleveland; Famous-Barr; Sakowitz. Alexis Kirk earrings. William de Lillo cuffs. Belt by Elegant. Shoulderbag by Best of Three Worlds. Tights by Schiaparelli. Laced boots by Golo.

OSCAR DE LA RENTA goes pattern on pattern one bounce better, right—a quilted sleeveless coat bound in slick black leather and worn over a pleated shirtdress in matching black-and-white silk. Whip it on, belt it smartly, and go like the wind—it's one of the fastest looks on the town this spring. Abraham silk. Saks Fifth Avenue; Swanson's; Sakowitz; Frost Bros.; El Palacio de Hierro, Mexico City. Oscar de la Renta bracelet. Alexis Kirk rings. Hanes tights. Charles Jourdan shoes. Coiffures on both pages, by Ara Gallant.

PENN

PENN

THE NEW YORK SPRING COLLECTIONS

QUILTING COATS FOR DAY

JOAN LESLIE and Kasper have a diamond mine going, at left—a diamond-quilted sleeveless coat and black-topped dress, both in diamond-patterned black-and-white crêpe with a speedy border of black-yellow-orange stripes. You'll go like a streak down any street! Of Celanese acetate and rayon (Fisher & Gentile fabric) embroidered by Aristocrat. About $215. Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle's-Cleveland; Rike's; L. S. Ayres; Dayton's. Vincent Wilson necklace. Estancia shoulderbag. Rings: William de Lillo, Thomas Robbins. Berkshire tights. Fiorentina shoes. Coiffure by Phillip Mason of Vidal Sassoon.

AQUANALA's had a quilting party with Paisley, right, and done one of the dashiest coats you'll see, or be seen in, for many a day—red, blue, and white print you just belt and boot and bag and run with any time, any place. Of acetate. About $95. Altman's; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Hudson's; The Denver; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin. Shoulderbag by Etienne Aigner. Watch by Randolph Graff. Tights by Round-the-Clock. Boots by Jacques Cohen. Coiffure by Suga.





THE NEW YORK SPRING COLLECTIONS FOR DAY

NAVY BLUE

FOR YOU AND YOU AND YOU

BILL BLASS sends you to town in a sublime little navy suit, left—the jacket is small and shaped; the skirt, slit in front and belted over a wine-red silk shirt. With navy ribbed tights and navy ghillies—what a great way to look! Skirt and jacket of wool loomed in America (Anglo Fabrics). Saks Fifth Avenue; B. Forman; Hutzler's; Neiman-Marcus; El Palacio de Hierro, Mexico City. Adolfo hat. Oscar de la Renta choker. Roman Stripe tights. Suga Coiffure.

BILL BLASS puts a perfect navy coat over a navy shirt and navy pants, right—and some days you'll wear them together and other days you'll put the coat over your little knit dresses and your shirts and skirts . . . or the pants with a long suède vest—and keep right on going all spring! Coat and pants of wool loomed in America (Anglo Fabrics); shirt of silk crêpe. Saks Fifth Avenue; Dayton's; Harzfeld's; El Palacio de Hierro, Mexico City. Bag by Lederer. Crescendoe-Superb gloves. Shoes by Andrew Geller. Coiffure: Phillip Mason of Vidal Sassoon.

PENN



THE NEW YORK SPRING COLLECTIONS

NAVY BLUE ALL DAY

SEYMOUR FOX rims a navy suit-jacket with crisp white ruching, closes it with brass buttons, left—and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land....

Jacket and dress, of worsted crêpe loomed in America (Anglo Fabrics); about $475. At Martha; Nan Duskin; Gus Mayer; I. Magnin. Dynasty watch. Rings by Alexis Kirk. Shoulderbag by Lederer. Tights by Round-the-Clock. Shoes by Fiorentina. Coiffure by François of Kenneth.

GININI has cut a beautiful longer jacket in navy knit, right, with small high armholes and double-breasted brass buttons...

and this, over a long slit skirt, is just about the newest suit-look you could wear this spring. Woolmark jacket and white-topped dress; about $260. At Bonwit Teller; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Shoulderbag by Etienne Aigner. Watch by Dynasty. Ring by Alexis Kirk. Berkshire tights. Shoes: I. Miller Ingenue. Coiffure by Suga.

PENN



THE NEW YORK SPRING COLLECTIONS

NAVY BLUE ALL DAY





JACQUES TIFFEAU has a short-and-happy dress for you, above—bright-navy wool crêpe with narrow white tapes that wind you up to go all day. Woolmark dress; Meyer Woolens fabric. About $185. Saks Fifth Avenue; Jacobson's, Michigan; Frost Bros. Jax shoulderbag. Sheffield watch. Berkshire knee socks. Christian Dior shoes. Suga coiffure.

CHRISTIAN DIOR-NEW YORK has done a perfectly classic navy shirtdress, right—little collar, little sleeves, and a deep-pleated skirt that is going to look so pretty as you swing down the street. Of wool loomed in America (Anglo Fabrics); about $345. Bergdorf Goodman; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Harzfeld's; Frost Bros. Madcaps hat. Shoulderbag by Etienne Aigner. Rings: Alexis Kirk. Dynasty watch. Tights by Chadbourn. Fiorentina shoes. François of Kenneth coiffure.

PENN





GEOFFREY BEENE gets you going in a nifty little jumpsuit, above left — with a brown leather belt to buckle around your hips. Jumpsuit of navy-and-white wool crêpe; about $260. Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle's-Cleveland; Dayton's; Harzfeld's; Neiman-Marcus. William de Lillo bracelets. Sandals: Charles Jourdan. Franklyn Welsh coiffure.

KIMBERLY has a navy knit jacket and dress that's going to make you feel very very good, above — easy, comfortable, and right wherever you choose to wear it. . . . Woolmark zipped jacket and belted, white-topped dress; about $120. Lord & Taylor; Halle's-Cleveland; Stix, Baer & Fuller; I. Magnin. Choker and bag: Lederer. Alexis Kirk rings. Dynasty watch. Chadbourn tights. Fiorentina shoes.

THE NEW YORK
SPRING COLLECTIONS

THE NON-STOP COATS FOR DAY

HENRY FRIEDRICKS never minds rain, near right, this little coat can weather it—in pale ale poplin with a small snappy collar, big golden buttons, lots of dash. Of polyester and cotton (Galey & Lord fabric). About $130. At Lord & Taylor; Garfinckel's, Washington, D. C.; Jacobson's, Michigan; L. S. Ayres; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin. Hat by Mr. John. Boots by David Evins at I. Miller. Chain by Calderon.

DAVIDOW'S brushed blue denim—the newest coat in the world, far right: lean, unbelted, long-bodied—and never out of season—with a romantic Napoleon collar to flip up or not and stock with white silk. Of cotton denim. About $130. At Lord & Taylor; Garfinckel's, Washington, D. C.; Rich's; Halle's-Cleveland; Rike's; I. Magnin. Scarf by Echo. Coiffures by Maurice Tidy of Vidal Sassoon.

ALEXIS WALDECK





THE NEW YORK SPRING
COLLECTIONS FOR DAY

THE NONSTOP COATS

TRIGÈRE turns out a camel knit coat that wraps and goes, far left: goes on over a matching sleeveless dress . . . goes on now and nonstop right around the calendar. Turnout, with scarf, of Lesur wool knit. Saks Fifth Avenue; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Halle's-Cleveland; Gidding-Jenny. Hide-in-Side bag.

CHESTER NOW wraps and ties tweed to a T, near left: pink, white, and grey herringbones in a wear-and-wear mix of wool and cotton—all slim lines swinging over a matching tweed skirt and pink jersey shirt . . . terrific. Coat and skirt of Anglo Fabrics tweed; shirt of rayon matte jersey. Turnout, about $230. Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Shillito's; I. Magnin. Cuff and necklace by Celia Sebiri for Henri Bendel. Chain belt on boot, by Calderon. Boots by David Evins. Coiffures by Stephan Conquista of Vidal Sassoon.

THE NEW YORK SPRING COLLECTIONS FOR DAY

THE NONSTOP COATS

BELLE SAUNDERS's belted Glen plaid poplin coat for Abe Schrader is tops, this page: tops in the field, tops in town . . . wherever and whenever just a light little coat is wanted. In black-and-white polyester-and-cotton plaid over a matching dress (Galey & Lord fabric). About $145. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Halle's-Cleveland; Jacobson's, Michigan; Harzfeld's. Madcaps hat. Rings by K. J. L. Bag by Elegant.

LA FLAQUE DE PARIS puts zip in a sashed canvas coat, opposite left: it's unbleached cotton canvas that looks right any time of weather; patch-pocketed and zipped up to the chin. About $68. Bonwit Teller; Maison Blanche; The Denver; I. Magnin. Choker by Hector Jorge. Oscar de la Renta watch. Bag by Elegant. Tights by Trimfit. Battani boots.

ANNE KLEIN polishes the trench coat to a nonstop shine, opposite right: in a lacquered beige linen blend . . . it's meant for flashing around day places with all the dash in the world. About $155. To order at Lord & Taylor; Joseph Magnin. Renauld sunglasses. Leather cuff at neck by Elegant. Lederer bag. Chain belt on boot, by Calderon. Coiffures, opposite, by Maurice Tidy of Vidal Sassoon.

ALEXIS WALDECK





LE PRINCE DU JOUR

The Chief Executive, in a charcoal drawing by Julio Fernández,
after a famous Renaissance portrait.

AMERICAN SPEAK-OUT

The Prince, American style

KIND HEARTS DO NOT A HERO MAKE, NOR PRESIDENTS A KING...

BY ALFRED KAZIN

When the gun carriage bearing Franklin D. Roosevelt's body passed down Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington, D. C., a Negro woman was photographed clutching her belly in grief. That picture, cut out of a magazine, meant a good deal to this homesick American in London. It was April, 1945, a memorial wreath to FDR at the base of the Lincoln statue read, "England Mourns Its Best Friend and Humanity Its Elder Brother," and I had seen an American girl in uniform slam a heavy purse into the face of a colonel who came into the office chortling, "Well, I see the son of a bitch is dead!"

Many other Presidents—Abraham Lincoln, Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson at the end of his career, John F. Kennedy—have aroused such tumultuous feeling for and against. The President of the United States through his office, the necessarily larger-than-life distinctness of his personality, combines many things that hold this country together. He is head of state, head of government, head of his party. As the supreme human embodiment of the United States, his face on our money, our stamps, our schoolroom walls, he is the link uniting many Americans who have nothing in common but this fabulously powerful image of the man whom we the people have raised to be "*our* President."

Roosevelt was, so to speak, the most presidential of our Presidents, the absolute type. He was so much longer in the public view than any other President, was so much more exposed because of his physical condition, was so relentlessly observed, photographed, recorded, debated that the man, the face, the smile, the electric public cheeriness, dominated my generation through depression and war, made him seem the largest possible aspect of ourselves.

Yet it was just this everlasting "public face"—"private faces in public places are nicer than public faces in private places"—that could trouble even those who were most under his spell. In this respect only his cousin Theodore resembled him in having too histrionic a public manner (Theodore Roosevelt, a physical weakling in his youth and horribly nearsighted, cultivated external virility, fearlessness, and so on to the point of being irresponsibly brutal in his many bossy pronouncements on everything). Lincoln, Wilson, Truman, Kennedy among the "strong" presidents were as transparent in public as Herbert Hoover with his unbearable look of private suffering; Dwight D. Eisenhower, whose bumbling sentences at press conferences caused him less embarrassment than they did his staff; Lyndon B. Johnson, whose face and over-sibilant S's registered every inner storm to the vast television audience.

Roosevelt, by contrast, was the greatest public performer the Presidency has seen. The ringing voice worked on you like an actor's, the perpetual exuberance was recognized as a deliberate stimulant even when it worked, the buoyancy seemed to some visitors pumped up just for them. One felt about FDR during his Presidency that he was like no one else in the world, truly a "prince," first among men, with a voice and an accent and a universally benevolent assurance that could not be found elsewhere in the United States—not even around Hyde Park. It was only after they had been slain that Lincoln and Kennedy seemed atypical. One felt about Roosevelt, the always smiling public man, that he had created himself after being seized by infantile paralysis, that he went on creating himself in the White House up to the time, in 1944, when he looked like a dying man and no longer had the energy for his public rôle.

Yet, with the possible exception of Richard M. Nixon—perhaps it is too soon to tell—many politicians on entering the White House have visibly transcended their old selves, have grown in an effort to fulfill the expectation that we the people have—not of a man but of the office. That office is the almost mystical bond between so many Americans. Harry Truman before the Presidency was a not very significant politician; Truman since the Presidency has said many ignoble things; but Truman was an extraordinarily effective President, a man who visibly strained to outdo his old self. Henry James said of Lincoln's successor, the hapless Andrew Johnson, that the American people did not think him worthy to represent them. Lincoln had inspired the same doubts among many Americans loyal to the Union. But from the moment Franklin Roosevelt took office, on the day the whole economy seemed to collapse, he seemed utterly inspired, made radiant by the incomparable prestige of his office, altogether up to it. He was, happily, "different"; and on March 4, 1933, if not always later, he earned the respect due "the prince," that "first" among men.

Franklin Roosevelt inspired obviously contradictory feelings in me. His personal force seemed to rest on no particular ideas, no very precise convictions, no man's writings—least of all his own. Several of our Presidents—Thomas Jefferson, John Quincy Adams, Lincoln, Theodore Roosevelt, Wilson, even Hoover, Kennedy—have been intellectuals, scholars, writers. FDR was without Jefferson's intellectual gifts, Lincoln's literary (and legal) genius, Wilson's obstinate (and self-destructive) intellectual consistency, Kennedy's interest in reading history, writing history, in historians themselves. Instead, there was in Roosevelt that extraordinary, stretchable, histrionic public personality, that almost unnatural confidence that what he had learned as a child at Hyde Park from his mother and at Groton under that most Victorian of headmasters Endicott Peabody would serve to still all social conflicts in the United States and to charm "Uncle Joe" Stalin from gobbling up Poland for his own purposes. It was to be done by manner, manners, the special touch of the aristocrat with the democratic heart. Sara Delano Roosevelt certainly gave her son "security." As Freud said: "The beloved of the mother feels like a conqueror." The young Franklin felt like a prince before he became our American prince.

Yet this kind of inner authority, unrelated to social position, has always marked our "strong" Presidents. Lincoln had it even though he was (Continued on page 186)

The rape of the moon

NORMAN MAILER TALKS ABOUT SEXUAL LUNACY AND THE WASP

BY LETICIA KENT

It is the event of his lifetime, and yet it has been a dull event . . . the event is obdurate on the surface and a mystery beneath. It is not at all easy to comprehend. —**Norman Mailer**

Norman Mailer has said (in the third person) that he wrote his current and thirteenth book, *Of a Fire on the Moon*, "for *Life*, for deadlines, for assignment, for fair fortunes"—and not least because, "secretly, the job attracted him." For one thing, the odyssey to the moon required extraordinary courage; and Mailer, in much the same way as Hemingway did, sets great store by courage—so the thought of judging the astronauts intrigued him. For another, Mailer viewed the moon mission as "an ethnic venture which was pure WASP." And he is a devoted, if not devout, WASP watcher. For WASPS [White Anglo-Saxon Protestants] have seemed, in his words, "at least, the most Faustian, barbaric, draconian, progress-oriented, and root-destroying people on earth."

Recently, I re-visited Mailer in New York at his house in Brooklyn Heights where I found him at work on a review of *Sexual Politics*, the book by radical-feminist Kate Millett (who characterized Mailer as "a prisoner of the virility cult"). But we talked about *Of a Fire on the Moon*. At forty-eight, Mailer, a Pulitzer-prize winner, is said to be America's best journalist. He is also a novelist, a movie-maker, a lapsed politician. . . . He is a heroic, complex man who doesn't fit any stereotype—not even Kate Millett's. Mailer is Mailer. He has the rugged good looks of an ordinary seaman, speaks at a fast clip with a pedagogic insistence. He is good at conversation, glorious at language. Throughout our discussion, he seemed worried, visibly worried—though not, I am certain, so much as I—that I might miss his nuance and thus his meaning. So the encounter was not without dread on both sides—which is not to say that it was without pleasure.

Kent: While you were working on *Of a Fire on the Moon*, you said that you didn't feel close to the material, that you had to work your way into some kind of intimacy with it. You also said, "So far as I know, it's the first book that's ever been written in America which attempts to perceive the WASP sympathetically from a fundamentally unsympathetic stance."

Mailer: Well, there's almost a tradition in American literature by now of regarding the WASP unsympathetically, and I'm certainly part of that tradition. Then, suddenly I was in the position of writing a book about NASA and the astronauts and the landing on the moon, about an ethnic venture which was *pure* WASP. And while I had an enormous admiration for the feat—it *has* to enlist your respect—I couldn't pretend that the participants were fundamentally sympathetic to me or, if you turn it around, that I was sympathetic to them. It was a matter of working against the grain, of writing a fair and impartial book on a subject that you began with a bias, if not bigotry. And so I had to come to grips with what I think of the WASP, what I *really* think.

Kent: Are you sure that you began with a bias *against* the WASP? It seems to me that in print you've been carrying on a romance with him.

Mailer (enlisting a truism): You know, one of the reasons the WASP is so hated in America is that he's also so admired.

Kent: For example, there's your *extravagant* description of Robert Lowell's Waspitude in *The Armies of the Night*.

Mailer (forbearingly): Well, there's a better description of WASPS in *Miami and the Siege of Chicago*, the way they come through the door to a Republican gala, all pinched and stooped and proud and slightly bewildered, with that peculiar mixture of power and penury that characterizes so many of them. I wouldn't say that it's so much a love affair but that I write about them as if I were a Martian observing a truly strange species.

You know, if most of your superficial reading is of the liberal writers of your own time, you get



a terribly imperfect notion of reality, because liberals are incapable of describing a sense experience fully. They're so devoted to rationalism that they tend to flatten things that have a lot of stench to them, or things of great beauty, or of extraordinary squalor. And so when I go out to do a story, I always feel like a Martian—I'm always amazed at what I find. I see forty or fifty politicians at a convention and it's as if I were seeing the people who hung out at the Ducal Palace in Venice in, say, 1420. I mean the hypocrisies are always so much more hypocritical than you think they'll be. And the strengths are always so much more powerful than you expect.

Kent: Then as a Martian who's had to come to grips with what he thinks of the WASP, what do you think?

Mailer (laughs): I've come to some mysterious and half-spooky conclusions. I've begun to think that maybe the *real* mission of the WASP in history wasn't, say, to create capitalism, or to disseminate Christianity into backward countries, but that it was to get us to the moon—and that the WASP is really a species of moon man who has been living on earth in America all these hundred years in order to deliver us to the moon.

Kent: Why the WASP?

Mailer: The mind of the WASP bears more resemblance to the laser than the mind of any other ethnic group. To wit, he can project himself extraordinary distances through a narrow path. He's disciplined, stoical, able to become the instrument of his own will, has extraordinary boldness and daring together with a resolute lack of imagination. He's profoundly nihilistic. And this nihilism found its perfect expression in the odyssey to the moon—because we went there without knowing why we went.

Kent: I hadn't thought of the moon shot as a nihilistic act.

Mailer: It was the deepest of nihilistic acts—because we don't know why we did it. When the Egyptians built the pyramids, they knew what they were doing. They were building a great tomb for a god who had been on earth, and they were safeguarding their interests with that god. When the wheel was devised, people knew what they were doing. They were devising a way to move more effectively. With the printing press, the railroad, and even with the automobile, we still knew what we were doing. We could see what the end would be, we could envisage it. Now we no longer know. Indeed, the whole technological achievement of man can be viewed as a series of relinquishments of the end, relinquishments of a full knowledge of what we're up to. We don't know where the computer will lead us. We certainly don't know where voyaging into space will lead us. And so it takes a profound nihilism even to begin to embark upon such ventures.

Kent: For some reason, the

DRAWINGS BY JULIO FERNANDEZ

moon shot seems all but forgotten.

Mailer: That, I submit, is a mystery. I can't remember a public event that has left so little interest in its wake. There's absolutely no passionate interest in the thing. When we talk about the moon shot now, it arouses us no more than to discuss some dress fashion that went out in 1948. And so my book comes out in a vacuum. [He groans.] The feeling I have is that people will say, "Oh, no, I don't want to read a book about the moon. What for?"

Kent: What do you suppose killed our interest in the event?

Mailer: One reason interest died is that NASA presented the astronauts as robots. In fact, they are *not* robots. They are *men* who have an extraordinary balance between discipline and daredeviltry. Robots couldn't have gone to the moon, because a robot breaks down the moment there's a fluctuation in current. But we all secretly detest technology, because we feel that it is slowly destroying us. And we didn't want to celebrate robots who might be [he hesitates] . . . assassins of the human spirit.

But there's a deeper reason why we have turned our backs so resolutely on the moon. That is, with everything in us that's primitive, we feel there's something profoundly wrong in going near the moon. Do you remember that there was almost no libido released by that event? I didn't hear of any stories of people who made it in a big way that night. Some did, of course. But it wasn't like an armistice even to a petty war where strangers danced in the street and went off together. It wasn't like that at all. It was grim and cold and chilling. And while there was a sense of celebration, there was also a sense of dread. Maybe people just feel that it was a profound mistake, that instead of being the greatest achievement of man, this may have been the greatest blunder that man has ever made, or the most sacrilegious act that man has ever committed.

Kent: Yet, by the end of the book, *you* seem to have overcome your initial bias against space exploration and against the WASP. If anything, it seems to me that *Of a Fire on the Moon* perceives the WASP [she hesitates] . . . *worshipfully.*

Mailer (angrily, in the first person): I don't *worship* anybody! I don't worship the WASP, I don't worship the Jew, I don't worship the Black, I don't worship the Italian, the Irishman. . . . On the other hand, I refuse resolutely to lump them all together. I think that's the beginning of totalitarianism. The essence of totalitarianism is that all people are alike. Yet, when you start talking about the different races and racial qualities, you're paying allegiance to Hitler—so the conversation is *verboten.* You see, Hitler was an extraordinary agent of the technological society, because for two or three decades he made it impossible to think poetically about the nature of people. ●

The audience as artist

IN THE YEAR OF DO-IT-YOURSELF CULTURE

BY ALBERT GOLDMAN

"Everybody wants to be in the theatre today but nobody wants to watch." The remark is Robert Brustein's, Dean of the Yale Drama School, but it could apply to the whole of contemporary culture. Saturated with art and entertainment, the modern audience wants to get on stage or camera and prove that it's just as good as the stars. After all, what does it take to sing a song, strum a guitar, or tell a funny story? If the Brillo boxes and Campbell's soup cans of Andy Warhol are art, then we can all be artists putting frames around our favourite fetishes. The same applies to poetry. Allen Ginsberg and the Beats made poets of us all. Kids write poems, truck drivers write poems, political candidates write poems. If you have a tape recorder, you can write a novel or a play.

This is the Age of Participatory Culture. Everybody has the clothes, the hair, the relaxed manners and morals of the old *vie de bohème*—along with its knowledge of drugs and indifference to public opinion. Everybody has something to say, something to show, some particle of that precious substance "soul." We've all been overexposed to show business to the point where there isn't one move on the floor, one change in the tune, one angle of the camera that isn't familiar. Why shouldn't we start using this knowledge to stab out our thoughts and feelings in spontaneous little psychodramas and home movies made with words and looks and funny *shticks*?

The line between the rock audience and the rock musician is the thinnest ever drawn in the history of professional entertainment. The whole cult of the superstar has been abolished. The idea now is that the kids on the stage should look exactly like the kids in the audience. Indeed, their recruitment into rock bands may have turned more on their hairstyles than on how well they could play instruments. For in the Age of Participatory Culture the hero of the stage is likely to be the boy or girl who most perfectly embodies the audience's fantasies of itself. As Mel Brooks makes Fabiola, his caricature of a pop singer, say: "They're [the public] doing the singing—I just got the mouth."

Now, even the professional technology of recording rock events is being abolished by public action. The kids push to the front rows of theatres and festivals and snap thousands of pictures, record thousands of feet of film and tape with marvellous little machines that produce professional results in even the shakiest hands. A couple of years ago, RCA found its professionally recorded version of a New York concert being outsold by a bootleg version made by an amateur. They made a deal. Eventually, it's possible the public will create, produce, star, and film/record its capers in a cycle of self-infatuated creativity that omits completely the professional artist or engineer.

What a switch all this is compared with the past! When I was a kid, the great thing was to be able to do the impossible. Walk the high wire with a long pole and a bicycle on your back, play the Mendelssohn Concerto at breakneck tempos, slip out of a hundred locks and chains under the East River, look like Garbo or Lamarr, sing like Caruso, paint like Picasso. Now all that genius stuff is interpreted as an affront! The hell with the professionals! Junk form, pooh-pooh technique, laugh at perfection as the ultimate up-tight. Just go out there and blow your soul, Baby!

Yet there is no blinking the fact that all this emphasis on spontaneous, untrained, unstructured self-expression has drastically changed the standards of public performance. If your idea of entertainment goes beyond the bemused daydreaming of the sidewalk café or the orgiastic uproar of the rock concert, you'll find the pickings slim these days. Side-by-side with the Utopian dream of every man an artist or artisan hovers the nightmare of the (Continued, next page)

(Continued) extinction of art through the debasing of the aesthetic enterprise. What emerges most commonly from the inspired and sincere efforts of the amateur is not a fresh image or thought but a crude imitation of something he once saw in an old movie or heard on the radio. Participatory culture sometimes seems like a bad playback.

This downward drift in artistic standards is not confined, however, to the popular culture. You find it just as certainly in the carefully cultivated high arts: literature, painting, music, and drama. All these arts are threatened with the alternatives either of vulgarization or of preservation as fossils in expensively constructed museums. If the high arts had not been so vitiated in modern times, there never would have occurred the basic shift from high culture to pop culture as the centre of contemporary creative consciousness. Nothing is more



needed in all the arts than fresh energy, fresh inspiration, a fresh commitment to the aesthetic occupation. That such energies, however crude their quality, are welling up from a public which is the best educated and most independently endowed of any in history is perhaps the only really hopeful sign of cultural renewal in this period.

What is really exciting about participatory culture, however, is not the prospect that it will supplant professional achievement in the arts. The appetite for aesthetic excellence is imperishable and it will never be fully satisfied by any but dedicated and talented people who devote their lives to arts that are easily commenced but rarely mastered. Amateurism offers an entirely different set of rewards. It promises the satisfactions of self-expression and self-aggrandizement at a time when most people feel that they are being blotted out by a mechanistic civilization. Beyond enhancing the sense of being, the new culture holds out the hope that people who dance and sing and play will have a keener relish for the arts than those whose participation is passive and merely appreciative. Most importantly, participatory culture opens the way toward a new kind of civilization in which the life of labour will be exchanged for that of play. This is a prospect that has hung like a rainbow over the world ever since the dawn of the contemporary era. Now it is becoming a reality. Before our eyes an awesome and amusing metamorphosis is occurring: *Homo faber* is becoming *homo ludens.* ●

The greedy underground

HOW IT CAME UP FOR AIR, MONEY, FAME

BY JOHN GRUEN

There is no question but that today's underground longs for instant fame and recognition. Gone are the days of exclusivity—gone the days when the word "underground" suggested an arena of self-discovery, a battleground where the creative impulse is put to the test, where dissent, hardship, and failure acted as catalysts shaping its stance and character. And gone are the days of the small, dedicated audiences



eager to follow the experiments.

These days, the New York underground artist—playwright, film-maker, painter, composer, or poet—has his eye and mind firmly fixed upon the media, praying that they will expose him to the world and provide him with both the means and the public to appease his secret terrors of poverty and obscurity. The media have responded to the avant-garde's call for exposure, and have abetted a climate of greed.

Andy Warhol, for example, no longer turns out his perverse and maddening 16mm underground films in which the sly combination of ennui and daring produced radical responses. Warhol's Factory is now in the business of producing full-length commercial movies in 35mm, blown-up from the usual 16mm, to be shown at uptown theatres. Its latest entry, *Trash* (a colour film directed by Paul Morrissey), opened last October at Cinema II in New York. The publicity was handled by John Springer Associates, an expensive public-relations firm that also works for the Burtons. *Flesh*, another Morrissey film, made box-office records in West Germany.

Warhol superstars, once content to remain the enigmatic creatures of a small pop culture, now "tell all" in *soi-disant* autobiographies published by major publishing firms. Viva, one of Warhol's more bizarre inventions, has done just that in her recent novel, *Superstar,* published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The poorly attended and poverty-stricken underground cinema of Stan Brakhage, Bruce Baillie, James Whitney, and others, spearheaded by Jonas Mekas and his Film-maker's Cinematheque, has just been taken under the wing of New York's popular Public Theatre, where Anthology Film Archives has begun daily film showings in their new, handsomely appointed Invisible Cinema. (Shirley Clarke, underground film-maker, who grabbed the Hollywood brass ring with *Lions Love* back when, calls Mekas and the enterprise "sellouts." "They've formed an academy," she said, bitterly.)

The underground theatre has gone desperately overground. Café La MaMa thrives in its own, four-storey building on East Fourth Street, and runs two separate theatres showing plays often reviewed by Clive Barnes of *The New York Times.*

Underground poetry readings, once held in obscure lofts, have been presented at the Guggenheim and Whitney Museums. The poets, once happy to read in any East Village coffeehouse or church basement, are now expensively advertised and eagerly sought out.

The artists have their SoHo, a new downtown art community where established uptown dealers (such as Richard Feigen and Ivan Karp) have opened branches to show "unknowns."

The underground press of the mid-Sixties, originally created to keep a small new Bohemia abreast of its own doings has become an international phenomenon. Among its entries, the sex tabloid *Screw* is a solid, if not a squalid, success. From an orig-

inal circulation of four thousand copies when it first appeared in bookshops and newsstands in 1969, *Screw's* latest circulation figures have risen to 132,000 copies sold weekly. From twelve pages, it has risen to thirty-six pages celebrating undiluted sex in all its curious forms.

The pursuit of ambition and success is everyone's prerogative. The underground has an equal right to this pursuit. But when the underground has no current to work against, when it all too voluntarily enters the stream of the Establishment, its value as an abrasive and obstreperous irritant loses its meaning. In 1971, the underground is dead. •

Marriage is not enough

"... THE BEST IS YET TO BE"

BY HERBERT GOLD

Is marriage really the next toy on the list for the man or woman who has everything?

Any other institution that causes as many failures as marriage would be declared illegal. A medicine that poisoned as many lives would be banned. Better to marry than to burn? Marriage is an anti-scorch drug of choice, but one which usually cures the disease of youth and hope by the remedies of age and despair.

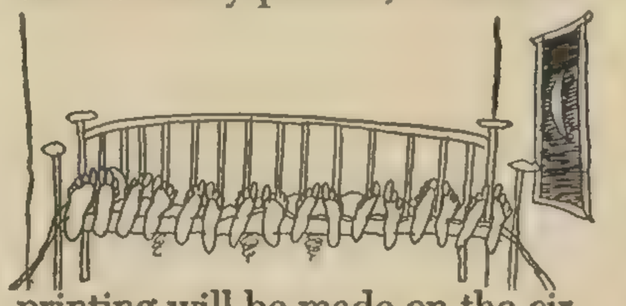
And so new forms have begun to surface.

Each of these experimental systems raises new problems, but at least they give a sense of trying to cope with the old problem, not just following to the edge of the cliff with the other lemmings. It's as hard to explain about freedom in marriage to a Puritan moralist as it is to explain to a ten-year-old child that sex might be more fun than an ice-cream cone. He just doesn't have the equipment for understanding. He wants other things. But in this part of the stunned and goofy twentieth century, many men and women are seeking freedom along with their responsibility in the one area of their lives that retains an element of personal choice. Government, science, war, and natural disasters, such as smog, pollution, and daytime television, seem to be in control of much of our energy.

Marriage is a moral equivalent of choice; it gives real alternatives to the individual soul; people are acting on it and acting it out. Divorce and public miseries may be a part of marriage so conceived; but men's acts seem to say if so, then so be it. But perhaps the new freedom consists not only in the freedom to divorce but also in the freedom to invent, discover, knit up forms of marriage that make divorce as obsolete as the ideal of permanent union except for those with the talent for one-and-one union.

Aristophanes wasn't specifically talking about marriage in Plato's dialogue on love, but he seemed to have something permanent in mind. He made up this little myth that once upon a time we were all four-armed, four-legged, and rolled along with hermaphroditic ease, and then some lightning split us, and ever since we've been looking for the missing halves. Well, that implies some ideal of permanence, for once you've discovered your missing arms and legs, why would you ever let them go again? However, in this vision of splendid fluid-drive roll-roll-rolling along, he didn't deal with the persecutions that, say, Socrates suffered at the hands of his shrewish wife, Xanthippe. (We might suggest this theory about why he drank the hemlock so peaceably. . . .) Nevertheless, in most modern men, the Don Juan dream or any other dream of freedom is really addiction to a permanent quest: the next girl, or the next, or the one after that will be the perfect one. Most men don't really seek impermanence and continual change; they accept it, pro tem, in the interim, while they continue to aspire towards Miss Right. There are those two ideal legs, those arms, that perfect head. . . .

The concept of "imprinting" is important to introduce a notion of the underappreciated charms of sex in marriage. The pleasures of surprise, conquest, new tastes, and hope are well-assimilated in our fantasy lives. But the familiar has its own freedom and excitement, and habit with a wife gives a power that permits of risk and adventure, in sex play, in soul play, in the fullness of a life together. If sex is associated with mirror images, shoes, garters, or schoolmates of the same gender, peculiar activities will be imprinted on the psyche. If sex is associated with a steady partner, a different



printing will be made on the circuits. Habit in this area can lead to a freedom of questing in other areas. Imprinting is essential to learning and to causing the ease of habit to replace an impossible continual doubt about what to do with every moment, stimulus, and impulse. Marriage is good to society, but society does not always return the compliment. Marriages, imprinting and all, are often miserable; perhaps because other imprints are stronger than the marriage bond.

New forms of marriage are continually being sought to allow room for the independent soul, the nuns and priests, the totally social, the powerfully polygamous, perhaps even the homosexual and the narcissistic. There is great pressure to loosen the old form of marriage to allow free rein to these elements in everyone—the bowling league, Mother's Night Out, the convention, and the suburb; preserve the marriage, as the poet says, by breaking up the home. Lewis Mumford has written that one of the deep psychological reasons for commuting is to give the couple separate lives, the husband with his secretary and business associates, the wife with the bridge club and the car pool. The panicky pretense of "togetherness" has its natural antidote in the long, crowded roads that lead from city to dormitory suburb. Other roads to circumnavigate marriage are also being travelled.

A curious argument in favour of marriage is connected with the long childhood of man and his consequent intense attachment to parents. The animal with the longest childhood is also the smartest animal. He needs this long childhood to educate himself, to play and develop; but as the result of it, he is attached to his parents in a specially intense and dependent way. Then, when he finally begins to grow up, to become an adult himself, he must turn away from parents—but toward whom? Toward someone out in the world, but who can replace the parents as an object of love? Someone over whom he can exercise power, toward whom he can be submissive, with whom he can face the darkness and the light of life. He needs a wife, or something like one. If he is still a child, hating his parents or loving them too much, which may amount to the same thing, he will seek out a maternal-paternal spouse, or someone to hate, or someone merely to take care of him on the parental model. But he may also find a new one-to-one connection, with a creature who (Continued on page 183)

Politics, 1971

THE BIG SLEEP—OR THE SUSPENSE OF DISBELIEF

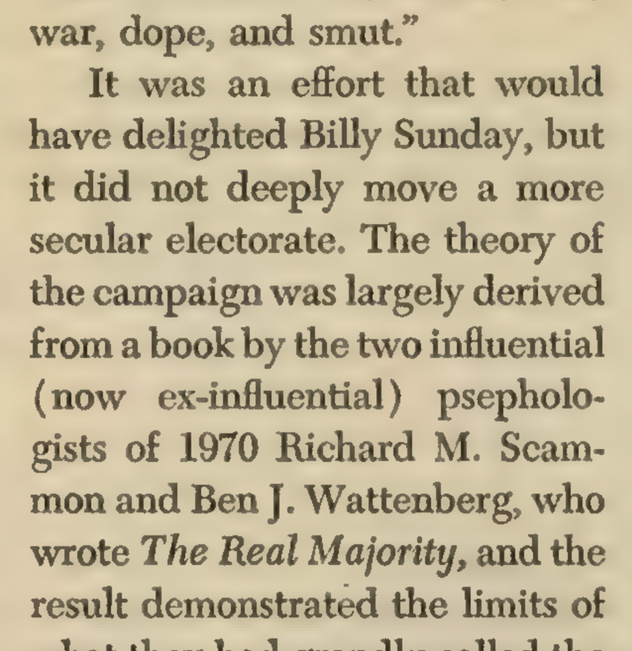
BY ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.

An eerie quiet hangs over American politics today—eerie, unexpected, and, almost certainly, transient. The universities, for example, were surprisingly placid last autumn. The crazies of the New Left, with their burning of research notes and dynamiting of laboratories, have effectively isolated themselves from the student majority. What Viet Nam and Cambodia joined together the Weathermen have now thrust asunder. The strategy of "the worse, the better," it is now evident, only plays into the hands of those seeking a license for repression—as the Republicans tacitly acknowledged when they made sure that enough long-haired screamers of obscenities would attend President Nixon's campaign meetings to give him the desired backdrop for law-and-order declamations. More and more it has become apparent that, while our revolutionaries will never make a revolution, they might well make a counterrevolution.

So the more fashionable adherents of the New Left are turning away from the hard line of Herbert Marcuse and the idea of the hopeless rigidity and ingrained violence of American institutions. Instead, they are celebrating the softer line propounded in *The Greening of America* by Charles A. Reich, the Erich Segal of political philosophy, and are acclaiming a painless revolution to be magically wrought by Consciousness III. (Dr. Marcuse, the displaced guru, has sternly castigated Dr. Reich for offering this "Establishment version of the great rebellion." Oddly, Marcuse chose to publish his excommunication in that Bible of the Establishment, *The New York Times.*)

And the new calm has infected the right as well as the left. The 1970 midterm elections deeply disappointed those who for months had been hailing or lamenting what everyone from William F. Buckley, Jr., the court jester of the reactionaries, to Abbie Hoffman, the court jester of the radicals, had diagnosed as an invincible national swing to the right. The Vice-President, our own Greek colonel, had marched up and down the land demanding restoration of respect for authority, denouncing "rad-libs," and proclaiming with delicate innuendo that the time had come "to sweep that kind of garbage out of our society." The President himself, his arms flailing and his voice cracking, plunged into the October campaign to assail "creeping permissiveness—in our legislatures, in our courts, in our family life, in our colleges" and to propagate the thesis, as summarized by James Reston of *The New York Times*, that "the Democrats invented sin, crime, sex, war, dope, and smut."

It was an effort that would have delighted Billy Sunday, but it did not deeply move a more secular electorate. The theory of the campaign was largely derived from a book by the two influential (now ex-influential) psephologists of 1970 Richard M. Scammon and Ben J. Wattenberg, who wrote *The Real Majority*, and the result demonstrated the limits of what they had grandly called the Social Issue. If the Social Issue—the attempt to blame the opposition for racial troubles, drugs, hippies, student unrest, pornography, and so on—flopped in 1970, it can hardly hope to succeed later. By 1972, if these things are the responsibility of the national government at all, they will be the responsibility of the administration that will have had four years to cure them.



So, contrary to the wiseacre predictions, the American electorate continues in a relatively progressive mood. The Gallup polls in November, for example, reported a majority in favour of withdrawing all American troops from Viet Nam by the end of 1971, a majority in favour of wage and price controls (i.e., of a national income policy), a majority in favour of additional Federal aid to the cities. Yet this mood, however gratifying in the short run, will be unavailing over the distance unless it begins to fulfill itself in vigorous program and leadership. The loyal opposition, in short, must start to show a convincing capacity to deal with the structural disorders of American society. Otherwise we can anticipate an angry revival of the disloyal opposition.

As yet, the loyal opposition has not displayed that capacity. The front runner for the Democratic nomination in 1972 is Senator Edmund Muskie of Maine, a decent, shrewd, and humorous man who shares with his Down East neighbours an instinct for the sublimely cautious utterance and a visceral resistance to the idea of going out on limbs. If the problems of the 'seventies call for an intelligent Eisenhower dedicated to the tranquillization of tension, Muskie would be the man. But if this decade demands a President dedicated not to calming emotions but to solving problems, some doubt may exist whether Muskie has the passion of temperament and unconventionality of mind required. Senator George McGovern of South Dakota, who may well have these qualities, has not yet seized the popular imagination. Nor, indeed, have the Democratic leaders and their associated intellectuals done the hard and new thinking necessary to attack the national dilemmas in a fresh way.

Should the Democratic party not rise to the occasion, one can expect the continued disintegration of the two-party system. Indeed, underneath the politics-as-usual aspect of the 1970 election, one could perhaps discern the spreading symptoms of a party system in acute crisis. This is hard for many Americans to accept, since they believe (erroneously) that the two-party system was established by the Constitution, if not by the Decalogue. Yet in recent years a series of developments—especially the rise of television and public-opinion polling—have gravely weakened the classical party structure.

Thus political machines of the traditional sort no longer mediate between the politician and the electorate. Instead, television brings the politician directly into every parlour, and polls (in theory, at least) bring the voter into every political headquarters. The result is to diminish the power of organization and enlarge the rôle of individual judgment; nor has the Madison Avenue merchandising of candidates—another flop in 1970—yet countered this tendency. There has never been so much picking-and-choosing in the ballot booths. The 1970 election was especially notable for the amount of split-ticket voting—i.e., choosing a governor of one party and a senator of another, as in California, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Massachusetts, Maryland. The refusal of party allegiance is particularly marked among the young, who, it should not be forgotten, constitute the electorate of the future.

New York has already gone over to a four-party system and elected a Conservative as senator (with about 40 per cent of the vote). If in 1972 the Republicans should nominate Nixon (or Agnew or Reagan; the intract-

ability of the Presidential task these days may well mean that we are in for a succession of one-term Presidents and that Nixon, like Johnson before him, may choose not to run again), if the Democrats nominate Humphrey or a still cautious Muskie, if George Wallace runs again as a right-wing populist, then one should not be surprised by the emergence of a fourth party, led perhaps by John Lindsay of New York and George McGovern, appealing to liberal Republicans, to Kennedy-McCarthy Democrats, to the minorities, and to the young, agreeably financed and commanding solid support in the educational and communications communities. In the ensuing free-for-all, anything might happen.

This is one reason that the present lull is deceptive. Another is that American politics these days, particularly on the extremes of right and left, tends to project itself in terms of culture rather than of policy—in a conflict less of programs and measures than, in the current jargon, of "life-styles." Vice-President Agnew shows only the most perfunctory interest in public policy; his mission is to exalt authoritarian values and excoriate permissive ones. As for the students, their preponderant effort is to produce not an alternative politics but an alternative culture.

Yet, as hard as Agnew and the hippies work to sharpen the conflict, one can not underestimate the capacity of a relatively flexible and opportunistic culture to "co-opt," as we say, the "counter-culture." So long as they stay this side of murder, revolutionaries command large lecture fees and become television bores like the rest of us; while young executives smoke pot and politicians lengthen their sideburns and campaign with rock groups. Still the counter-culture will continue to grow among the young and in the universities. And the clash of values will remain largely beyond the reach both of party politics and of public policy.

All these developments—the crisis of the party system, the rise of the counter-culture, the disquietude of the old, and the defection of the young—are manifestations of a still deeper problem; and it is this problem which above all guarantees that our appearance of calm is transitory. For there is no denying the melancholy fact: America is fundamentally in a condition of political disorder, and will stay so for a long time to come. It is in disorder because the world is changing faster than it has ever changed before and because it is changing fastest of all in the United States.

This irresistible acceleration in the velocity of history is plainly the dominating fact of our age. The impact of uncontrolled change shakes the foundations and rends the fabric of modern life. The runaway demolition of cherished manners and values accounts for much of our contemporary pathos and anguish. The supreme business before all modern societies is the absorption and containment of technological change. And, because the technological momentum is greatest in America, because this sprawling society has moved most audaciously and carelessly into the electronic age—the age of instantaneity and simultaneity—the turmoil of change is most visible here.

But, let no one suppose this turmoil peculiar to America or the by-product of a particular set of political and economic arrangements. It is less the proof of decay than the price of progress. The rush of technology will sweep every industrialized nation, regardless of systems of ideology or ownership, into the turbulent and uncharted future. Until governments learn to manage the consequences of accelerating change, disorder will be, so to speak, the order of the day. Voices may rise or fall, protest increase or slacken, violence explode or subside. But the velocity of history has locked us all into a life of permanent instability, and there all of us will stay, pending Armageddon or the millennium. ●

What makes "Rabbit, Run"?

BY ANN BIRSTEIN

THE HOLLYWOOD UNDOING OF UPDIKE'S CLASSIC NOVEL

It's a funny thing that happens with novels that are brought to the screen. The good ones almost always suffer in translation; the poor ones almost always improve, probably because they've been missing that extra little dimension of sight and sound all along. This same rule unfortunately also holds true of John Updike's *Rabbit, Run,* one of his finest novels, certainly, to my mind *the* finest, and in any case a book that needs neither introduction, interpretation, nor embellishment, all of which it gets in the screen treatment.

Still, forgetting the novel for a moment, the movie doesn't do too badly with its theme: the youthful hero as failure in the adult world—in this case, Harry "Rabbit" Angstrom, former high school basketball star, who's got a talent for one thing only, running fast and free, which he does as soon as life in the shape of a slatternly pregnant wife and then of a demanding mistress catches up with him. Only, as far as the movie goes, there's nothing really to distinguish *this* Harry, to make you care what happens to *this* humdrum life, as you care overwhelmingly when reading the book. Not that the cast doesn't try, and sometimes even succeed, particularly James Caan as "Rabbit," who has just the right burly good looks, and just the right happy smile that always breaks a second too late and is so appealing and pathetic that you almost long as Harry does to see him released from his dreadful, puzzling responsibilities.

There's also Carrie Snodgress as Janice, the boozy young wife, once blond and pretty, now all faded tinsel—how easy it is to imagine her a former cheerleader—"so dumb and such a mess" that Harry figures she can't even have a baby by herself. It's a rôle far better suited to Miss Snodgress's wispy charms than her part in *Diary of a Mad Housewife* and she makes the most of it, especially in the most forceful scene in both book and movie, where poor Janice, weaving in an alcoholic stupor but also moved by a kind of desperate tenderness, tries to give her new little baby a bath and accidentally and horribly drowns her in the tub.

But as to everybody else, they're all much too self-consciously dreary: Anjanette Comer as Harry's whore, still looking kind of ghoulish, as she did in *The Loved One;* Arthur Hill, a fine actor wasted in the unsuitable and probably unrealizable rôle of the golf-playing minister; Jack Albertson, another fine actor in the same quandary as a deadbeat coach. In the end it's the self-consciousness that prevails. "Hey, look how realistic and dismal I am," this movie seems to keep stopping to say. And, as perhaps the final admission that no point of its own has been made, the film ends with the last lines of John Updike's novel printed across the screen: "... his heels hitting heavily on the pavement at first but with an effortless gathering out of a kind of sweet panic growing lighter and quicker and quieter, he runs. Ah: runs. Runs." Which only makes you miss the written text more. [Updike talks, next page.] ●

Grabbing dilemmas

JOHN UPDIKE TALKS ABOUT GOD, LOVE, AND THE AMERICAN IDENTITY

BY ERIC RHODE

Rhode: I don't see any affiliation in your work to the kinds of experiment that go on in the United States. It seems to me that you are much closer to the English novel: There is a very strong sense of the domestic in your work—of the world as it is.

Updike: I'm just trying to think of the word "domestic." I suppose this is true. It may be less a matter of conscious choice than of the fact that I seem to be a domestic creature. My first novel, *The Poorhouse Fair,* was, at least in my mind, something of a *nouvelle vague* book, particularly in the ending: That is, I tried to create a pattern of tension and then, instead of resolving it, dissolved it. It ended with a kind of brainless fair: People come to a fair and you hear their voices and it all dissolves. In my mind it was a somewhat experimental book, and my publishers then, Harper, seemed to think it was, because the ending puzzled them so much that I took it away from them and went to Knopf, where I've been happy ever since. In each of the books there has been, in my mind at least, a different experiment, an adventure: In *Rabbit, Run* the present tense may seem a mild adventure. It's more and more used now, but at that time it wasn't.

Rhode: Coming back to *The Poorhouse Fair,* the most striking thing there, I think, is the fact that you have so clearly kept yourself out of the book, that you have created these very old men and women. This is an act entirely of the imagination, or so it feels. In fact, Mary McCarthy said that she finds it a rather spooky accomplishment—like those boy actors who play old men—that you have created these characters so credibly. How far was it based on actuality?

Updike: Not very. There was indeed a poorhouse a couple of blocks from where I grew up, but I very rarely went into it, and there was a fair that must have impressed me as a child. I had written prior to this, while living in New York City, a six-hundred-page novel, called, I think, *Home,* and more or less about my family and myself up to the age of sixteen or so. It had been a good exercise to write it and I later used some of the material in short stories, but it really felt like a very heavy bundle of yellow paper, and I realized that this was not going to be my first novel—it had too many of the traits of a first novel. I did not publish it, but I thought it was time for me to write a novel. I was—what?—twenty-five, twenty-six. Getting to be an old man, as writers go in America. They were tearing the poorhouse down at Shillington and I went up and looked at the shell. My grandfather, who is somewhat like John Hook in that book, was recently dead, and so the idea of some kind of memorial gesture, embodying what seems to have been on my part a very strong sense of national decay, crystallized in this novel. I wrote it in three months and then rewrote it in three months. It was my first real venture into what you might call novelistic space and it was very exciting. I haven't read it since the last set of proofs, but I'd like to think that there was some love, and hence some life and blood, in these old people.

Rhode: I think it's a perfect, completely enclosed book and when I read it I thought: This is a masterpiece, how can he go on from here? I always have the feeling in your work that the short story, the novella, comes fairly easily to you. You've probably had enormous problems with the longer stretch. I would say this because I think your kind of writing, where you start from within the centre of a character, from the character's observations and impressions of the world, and then move on to a sense of the family, doesn't lead naturally to the discovery of a form. I feel, for instance, in your second novel, *Rabbit, Run,* which is more ambitious, and where you have a strong plot, that the central situation is the man who is under strain, but then you do move into melodrama later in the book. This must have been difficult for you.

Updike: I'm afraid melodrama comes quite easily to me. I'm in two minds about events in novels. One has this sense that the old-fashioned novel, and indeed films and television plays, are falsifying life terribly by making events happen, by creating tensions and then resolving them, by setting up trials and then handing down the verdicts—for in fact verdicts don't usually get handed down. All my books end on a kind of hesitant or ambiguous note. On the other hand, there is a delight in making things happen, in falling through or leaping through this fictional space. As for the accusation of being melodramatic which was levelled at the last book, or not melodramatic, perhaps, so much as Gothic or unreal or coarsely plotted: If there could be a defense, it is my sensation that events, when they happen, do happen rather lurchingly and suddenly.

Rhode: Do you improvise or do you plot things out very carefully beforehand?

Updike: I really begin with some kind of solid, coherent image, some notion of the shape of the book and even of its texture. *The Poorhouse Fair* was meant to have this sort of Y shape of the two things and then the disappearance, or the resolution. *Rabbit, Run* was a kind of a zigzag. *The Centaur* was sort of a sandwich. I can't begin until I know the beginning and have some sense of what's going to happen between. There are some hinges, but really a novel, even quite a bulky one—you think of Henry James's eight-hundred pages—has only a few hinges. I don't make an outline or anything. I figure that I can hold the events in my head and then hope that things will happen which will surprise me, that the characters will take on life and talk. I keep a kind of loose rein on the book. I would not begin a book, I would not advise people to begin a book, without knowing where it's going, because one of the aesthetic (Continued on page 184)

John Updike, *right,* thirty-eight, with a marvellous skinny Down East face, nervous eyes, a speed-up, slow-down way of talking—glossing over big words and big ideas with a bright preppie's embarrassment but always dead serious—is perhaps the one American writer of his generation with a thoroughly recognizable style. With thirteen books, short stories, novels (including *Rabbit, Run, The Centaur,* and *Couples*), criticism, and poetry, since 1958, Updike said he aims for a book a year, wrote faster and more when he was younger. Ironically, Updike's wistful, fictional alter ego is Bech, a middle-aged bachelor professor noted for his ethnic novels, a writer who can no longer write. Last year, Bech, done up in a collection of short stories by Knopf, became a minor folk-hero, will appear on Broadway this spring as *Bech Takes Pot Luck.* Now at work on a novel scheduled for a year from now, Updike lives in Ipswich, Massachusetts, with his wife and four children, walks to an office in town to work, likes the silence of writing things out by hand. Full of uneasy satire and another century's eye for character, Updike is a master at parody: "A gesture of affection; for me, like an embrace."





THOM LAFFERTY

COMMUNE

"TOGETHER IS NOT ENOUGH"

BY ELIZABETH HARDWICK

"American history ended last night," they say in *Commune*, a new work created by Richard Schechner's Performance Group. The work is loose, episodic, making its points by suggestions, images, fleeting moments, by bits of dialogue from various sources, by hymns and folk songs, revival meetings—Americana of a largely recognizable sort. Various themes are suggested, but the main thrust of the work is an effort to connect Charles Manson and his group to the flow of American experience from the beginning.

Our literature and our popular culture are rich in images and theories of Puritanism and its dark deformities that explode into violence and insanity. We all know the suffering of small-town spinsters, and the evil preacher is almost a standard. This is the underside of the old community, of the farm, the church, the cultural narrowness that was, in the past, growing alongside the obvious spaciousness of our continent. American popular history is a hayloft of unpleasant secrets surrounded by the fields of hardworking optimists.

This thematic material has grown thin from over-use, and also there is a question as to whether it is still true. Most of the experimental theatre concentrates, or at least often relies upon sexual imagery because the idea of repression and outburst is rather an American specialty. But our theatre is weak in historical images, in the possibility of suggesting the economic, industrial, and large social forces. "The changes, the changes, man, are what it's all about." Perhaps our world has been released from sexual puritanism, at least in the large cultural sense if not always in individual instances. Perhaps the idea of a people straining against the inhibitions of Protestantism is not only worn out aesthetically but historically also.

California, the Manson scene, is the land of the fortuitous, of good luck, and sudden, if not always stable, fortune. The rock-music world is particularly alive with the accidental, the fabulous, and the somewhat impersonal success. A new "group" or a new "sound" seems different from the old jazz world of clearly articulated individual performances and styles. It is all of this I see in the Manson family and so it is disconcerting in *Commune* to find them caged in hymn-singing and revivalism—a quilt-and-sampler Middle America on hallucinogenic drugs. The people dead in the Sharon Tate and LaBianca murders are not mother and father figures, archetypes of the sexual unconscious, but exactly the flowing, free-changeable faces of money, fame, celebrity, excitement. The LaBiancas, poor victims of a strange randomness, lived amidst their visible properties, properties not altogether grand and unimaginable but just of the comfortable sort even the laziest imagination could believe a spot of luck might bring. A later murder in California showed the same sense that the object, a rich eye surgeon, was deeply connected with his magical possessions, his swimming pool, his cars.

Communes and families of the Manson sort are not ideological, but simple, necessitous coagulations. They are nonproductive—no weaving, bread-baking, organic gardening here—drifting, bearing the wounds of a lack of education, a lack of rational projects, and a daily lack of money. One feels that it is not the bread and rent lack of the impoverished in the past, but the lack of the money of dreams, of beautiful women, cars, swimming pools, leopard-skin pillows, walls painted in psychedelic colours. The deaths were not robberies, which are in their distorted way purposeful, but the symbolic working out of the deep social yearnings and luxurious needs that now inhabit our psyches along with more primitive forces.

What *Commune* wishes to suggest, if I understand its images, is the continuity of history that ended in the California murders. Of course all history is continuous and connected by the simple fact of having happened, by the sequential pattern. What actually came across was a broken continuity, mutations, a world in which the past had been erased and what remained was only yesterday, the very present, with its changing totems and racing fragmentations engulfing the personality.

Dramatic jabs at the new communalism

In a made-over garage in the warehouse district below New York's Greenwich Village, Richard Schechner's Performance Group takes on the Charles Manson tribe in a tumbled play, *Commune*. The third of this group's collaborations, nine months in preparation, *Commune* is crammed with spectacular pantomime grabs from literature, snatches of hymns, and dialogue clipped from the newspaper. The pseudo-spontaneous action has its own logic, carefully rehearsed to allow for the audience's occasional outrage. The nine players, remarkably at one, suggest American communal life from the Westward Trek on. (*Here* Pioneers head for California.) *Commune* is a chaotic, brilliant look at America's underside.

JACK YOUNGERMAN

"GETTING IT PHYSICAL"

BY BARBARA ROSE

In a corner of Jack Youngerman's waterfront studio, there is a section of a gnarled tree trunk whose split core is painted bright red. It has followed the artist from studio to studio, a kind of talisman, perhaps a reference to his consistent involvement with shapes derived from nature. There are no specific names for the shapes Youngerman creates, yet they provoke associations with the forms of nature: the sky, the sea, mountains, forests, jungles, flowers.

Youngerman's development has been gradual; his images evolve through personal growth and experience rather than in relation to any given conception of style. This is apparent from the way he works. Beginning with marks that slowly define themselves as shapes or patterns, he makes many sketches, arriving at what he will eventually paint through trial and error. Youngerman has said his main interest is the creation of new shapes. These preliminary black-and-white or colour sketches represent the search for fresh images that are permitted to unfold naturally and spontaneously. In this, Youngerman has adapted the Surrealist principle of automatism. Although some painters working automatically from a kind of free doodling allow the unformed to dominate, Youngerman is always able to find a balance between the unpredictable and the consciously ordered. Ultimately, his critical judgment of the spontaneously created shapes imposes the order necessary to works of the highest coherence and unity.

During the 'fifties, Youngerman was one of a group of gifted American painters, including Noland, Held, and Kelly, to take advantage of the G. I. Bill to study in Paris. There he became acquainted with the art of the European avant-garde. He paid his homage to the masters, visiting Brancusi and Arp, whose simplified organic forms have analogies with his own sharply stylized shapes. He regretted, however, not meeting Matisse. But that encounter which did not take place in life has taken place in art. Youngerman's recent work has much in common with late Matisse, including broad expanses of colour, rhythmic arabesques, and strong silhouetting, although his use of interlocking figure-ground relationships is radically different from Matisse's.

Youngerman's development from the jagged Expressionist forms and heavily impastoed surfaces of his earlier paintings to the luxurious voluptuous curves of his recent work may be seen as a passage from the violent impulses of the New York School toward a subtle sensuousness and elegance more characteristic of Mediterranean cultures. Although they depart from the aggressive interaction of forms found in the earlier work, the new paintings continue to manifest that scale, movement, and vitality found in the best American work. In some, the slow rhythm of the expansion of streaming shapes from a centre outward is reminiscent of the quiet swelling of waves or banking of clouds; in a series of as yet unfinished tondi this centrifugal movement is like an explosion of energy from the centre out.

In the tradition of the Impressionists and Fauvists, Youngerman likes to work near the sea. Frequently he begins his working sketches in Bridgehampton, New York, on Long Island, where he spends weekends and summers. These drawings represent a constant search, not for any trivial innovation or pseudo-radical break with tradition but for new directions in which to pursue his own unique vision. In his new paintings, one recognizes the familiar immaculate whites and sunny yellows, but there are also stranger, less likely combinations now, like lavender, rust, and white, or perhaps a variety of high-key colours—reds, oranges, and violets, unexpectedly associated. There is experimentation as well with new formats, irregular shapes, and a return to the asymmetry temporarily abandoned in the static, hieratic floral motifs that dominated the paintings of the late 'sixties. No matter how extensive the changes, one senses above all in Youngerman's work a responsiveness to the natural world and a vision whose continuity and internal development are the greatest proof of an artist's authenticity.



JACK ROBINSON

Bursts of colour from lyric shapes

Jack Youngerman, with his grey-blue eyes and a heady talent for talk, has been a part of the New York art scene since 1956 when he returned to America after living and painting in Paris—postwar years in France that gave him a marked independence from American styles in art and thinking. Lumped with the Hard-Edge painters, Youngerman continued on his own way—spinning out paintings of great physical, often erotic intensity. Shown here, a twenty-four-foot-long painting stretching along the studio wall behind him and, at its right, the tondo painting "Roundabout." Recent paintings and sculpture are at the Pace Gallery in New York from February 6 to March 3.





Talking PEOPLE ARE ABOUT

BY ALLENE TALMEY

The slow change in the country's spiritual weather, not a break in the clouds, not a Turner sunset, nor a Whistler arrangement, but rather movement in the atmospheric pressure. . . . Rosalind Cash, young, intelligent, with a sharply fine face, in the movie *Klute*. . . . The lively new election procedures made necessary by the addition of the eighteen-year-olds to the national voting lists, a procedure that has given election officials a chance to show television audiences that they too can talk like Casey Stengel, with syntax a mess of spaghetti.

Brotherhood in England where this brief appeared in the *Oldham Evening Chronicle:* "It's all right people saying these gypsies are human beings," said Mrs. Andrew, "but they are not human beings, otherwise they would not live like they do, they would work hard like we do." . . . The ardour of marvellous acting, the blurring perfection of her entrechats, the slingshot leaps, the apparent fragility of movement by Natalia Makarova, a notable principal dancer who defected from Leningrad's Kirov Ballet and is now a startling beauty with the American Ballet Theater.

The shake-up of mental blocks in the new photographs-text book *They Became What They Beheld,* with photographs by Ken Heyman and the text by Edmund Carpenter in which this verbal encounter happens: " 'Oh, what a beautiful baby!' 'That's nothing,' replied the mother, 'You should see his photographs.' "

Gertrude Stein with her incredibly advanced taste in art, now shown at The Museum of Modern Art in New York, her male bitchiness in *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas* in which she mentioned about a still living writer: "He has a certain syrup but it does not pour." In the July, 1927, issue of the magazine *transition* she wrote a remarkably concise appreciation of the Spanish painter Juan Gris of which this is a short excerpt: ". . . He used to dwell upon the lack of trust and comradeship in Spanish life. Each one is a general or does not fight and if he does not fight each one is a general. No one that is no Spaniard can help any one because no one no Spaniard can help any one. And this being so and it is so Juan Gris was a brother and comrade to every one being one as no one ever had been one. That is the proportion. One to any one number of millions. That is any proportion. Juan Gris was that one. . . . He made something that is to be measured. And that is that something. . . .

"Later having done it he could be sorry it was not why they liked it. And so he made it very well loving and he made it with plainly playing. And he liked a knife and all but reasonably. This is what is made to be and he then did some stage setting. We liked it but nobody else could see that something is everything. It is everything if it is what is it. Nobody can ask about measuring. Unfortunately, Juan could go on living. No one can say that Henry Kahnweiler can be left out of him. I remember he said 'Kahnweiler goes on but no one buys anything and I said it to him and he smiled so gently and said I was everything.' This is the history of Juan Gris."

Gimme Shelter, the movie of the Altamont rock festival with the Rolling Stones, the Hell's Angels, and a sick feeling of grovel, of masses out of control, of Mick Jagger strutting, perhaps unconsciously, over people débris. . . . *The Complete Upmanship,* a one-volume collection of all those plonks in gamesmanship by Stephen Potter whose masterpiece of ploy for a physician may have been the suggested use of a speculum "fitted with coated lenses which flash in the eye of the perturbed patient a magnified portion of doctor's face upside down," to which Potter added: "Induces Cheyne-Stokes respiration and a Watts-Dunton anxiety."

MAUREEN STAPLETON

who has big show-girl eyes, a small mouth, the skill of a Japanese tumbler, a radiance, and a voice that combines harridan and chamber music with layers of 'cello and violin. She has been playing Neil Simon's *The Gingerbread Lady,* a serious play that is both too funny and too serious. Although that mixture worked marvellously well for George Bernard Shaw, it fails for Simon. But Maureen Stapleton does not. As a dried-out drunk, a nymphomanic forty-three years old, no more a woman than an apple blossom is an apple, she avoids all those drunken harassments, those entrapments of intoxication that lesser actresses drop into. Her eyes do not glaze. She does not wobble. She doesn't even teeter. When she gets stoned, she's plastered. For *The Gingerbread Lady* is a mean drunk, scarred with paper cuts. When she returns from the hospital, she looks at her scummy apartment and with a toss of her arm explains that she had it on a "sublet from Mary Todd Lincoln." In the third act her two friends try to hold up her morale like two poles of a three-pole tent; and that is barely a windbreak. For Simon has so constructed his play that his plot is a bore but his lines are a succession of funnies that rise properly from situation and his people. And they succeed for the moment. What he has done brilliantly, however, is to build a character for Stapleton who manages with almost no special makeup to look like Tugboat Annie with a potato nose when she does not look like Rocky Graziano, trying to get up in the third round. Stapleton makes it, for she is a collage of theatrical magic, entirely made by Stapleton.

PENN

THE NEW YORK SPRING COLLECTIONS

THE WHITE COAT FOR DAY



PIERRE CARDIN-NEW YORK ***has a bright white coat that you'll wear over everything, everywhere you go,*** left—just as crisp and clean and lean as a coat can be, with high-set armholes, shirt-cuffed sleeves, big gold-ball buttons, and a deep-slashed skirt to send you on your way. Of Anglo Fabrics wool, loomed in America. About $315. Bonwit Teller; B. Forman; Jacobson's, Michigan; Lazarus; I. Magnin. Bag: Coco Creations. Tights: Indian Head. Golo boots.

ORIGINALA's marvellous white coat to put on day after day after day, right—slightly shaped, scallops at the throat and pockets, and brassy buttons gleaming all over. With boots and a good shoulderbag, you're right into spring. Coat, of wool. About $395. Bonwit Teller; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Hudson's; Dayton's; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. Cuffs, both pages: Celia Sebiri, at Henri Bendel. Bag by Latinas. Golo boots. Coiffures, both pages: Ara Gallant.

PENN



THE NEW YORK SPRING COLLECTIONS

KNITS AND JERSEYS

FOR EVERY HOUR OF YOUR DAY

CALVIN KLEIN has a super snappy knit coatdress, left—button it on, belt it up, and there you go—black stitched in white with epaulettes, high pockets, and lots of leg room. You couldn't ask for anything more with your boots all laced up and the fringe on your shoulderbag swishing away. Coatdress, of Trevira (Burlington fabric), about $95. Saks Fifth Avenue; B. Forman; Hengerer's; Boston Store; Maison Blanche; The Denver. Choker: Celia Sebiri, at Henri Bendel. Belt: Le Drugstore. Bag: Bettina for Jax. Rings: Vince Pasacane, Napier, Thomas Robbins, Tzivia Horiuchi for Hattie Carnegie. Boots: Jacques Cohen.

DONALD BROOKS covers your late-day hours with the softest jersey dress, right—folds of pale grey spilling from a little yoke. With a sash wrapped at the waist and a long scarf knotted at the throat, ends sliding over the shoulders. Dazzled up here for a little party with a bright golden plaque, brown suède T-strap pumps. Dress of rayon (Jasco matte jersey). About $325. Lord & Taylor; Stanley Korshak; I. Magnin. Hector Jorge necklace. Celia Sebiri cuffs, at Henri Bendel. Indian Head tights. Mademoiselle shoes. Ara Gallant coiffures.

PENN



THE NEW YORK SPRING COLLECTIONS

KNITS AND JERSEYS EVERY DAY



LESLIE FAY has the wear-with-all —a nifty little oatmeal knit you wear under everything, left: first, under your furs, then under a bright suède coat, and later under nothing but the sun. Buttoned all the way to show as much leg as you like, with a wide belt and edgings of fake snake. Set to go here, with black-and-white oxfords, knee socks, and a swingy shoulderbag. Dress of rayon and flax. About $38. Lord & Taylor; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Dayton's; I. Magnin. Scarf: Marimekko for Design Research. Bag at Lederer. Randolph Graff watch. Berkshire socks. Charles Jourdan shoes. Ara Gallant coiffure.

JUDITH WISTER does a ribbed sweaterdress for Traina Boutique and it's the most becoming, easy-to-wear knit a girl could own, right: faded-denim navy with a top like the tiniest tiny shrink sweater, a wide ribbed-around waistband, and the fullest skirt falling to just below the calf. And doesn't it look great with bright ghillie laces crisscrossed to the knee? Dress of Dacron and linen. About $85. Saks Fifth Avenue; B. Forman; Swanson's; Sakowitz. Bag by Ruza Creations. Cuffs: Celia Sebiri, at Henri Bendel. Boots by Golo. Coiffure by Franklyn Welsh.



THE NEW YORK SPRING COLLECTIONS

KNITS AND JERSEYS EVERY DAY

ANNE FOGARTY has a wonderful knitted white chemise to zip into this very minute, right—simple and easy as a sweater, with cable stitching all over. Unzipped here over bright white knee socks and bright shiny clogs. Dress of polyester. About $70. At Lord & Taylor; Joseph Horne; Rich's; Frost Bros. Ruza Creations shoulderbag. Bracelets: Bob Lee for Hunting World, Celia Sebiri for Henri Bendel. Danskin socks. Petroff clogs by Abratt. Franklyn Welsh coif.

MODELIA's Frank Masandrea wraps up a jumper for all the girls who love a kicky, happy little knit, far right—in camel wool, with a row of side buttons to undo for plenty of leg room and a white ribbed turtleneck underneath....Wrap your hair in a print scarf, pick up the biggest canvas carry-all, and you're off and jumping. Turnout of Duplex International wool, knitted in America. About $95. Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Hengerer's; Jordan Marsh, Florida; J. W. Robinson. Echo scarf. Jax bag. Sheffield watch. Indian Head tights. Charles Jourdan shoes.



PENN





THE NEW YORK SPRING COLLECTIONS

KNITS AND JERSEYS EVERY DAY

B. H. WRAGGE'S pale-blue shirtdress is going to be one of your favourite things, day in, day out, left: a short, soft little knit gathered on a yoke with full, wide-cuffed sleeves; the kind of easygoing dress you can wear a million and two ways—over red tights and little red ghillies. Or this way—with fringe at your waist, fringe on your shoulderbag, and espadrille boots laced over bare brown legs. Dress of Trevira, about $110. Bonwit Teller; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Hutzler's; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Hudson's; I. Magnin. Belt by Narcissa. Latinas bag. Boots: Jacques Cohen. Coiffure by François of Kenneth.

ADELE SIMPSON has the lightest, brightest breeze of a chemise to zing up all your days, right—featherweight rayon matte jersey in a flame-stitch pattern of red, beige, black, and hundreds of tiny dots. Perfect to slip into for lunch and keep right on through dinner. About $200. Bergdorf Goodman; O'Neil's; Rike's; Jacobson's, Michigan; Harzfeld's; I. Magnin. Cuffs: Celia Sebiri, Henri Bendel. Indian Head tights. Charles Jourdan sandals. Franklyn Welsh coif.



PENN



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4

THE FAST LOOKS FOR DAY



BONNIE CASHIN for Philip Sills means dashing jersey and leather, far left, like the dark-green hooded jersey and the caramel leather dirndl Pattie Boyd Harrison—about whom, more next page—wears here on the steps of a sleek Beechcraft Duke 60. Shirt, of Jasco wool jersey, about $56; skirt, about $130. Saks Fifth Avenue; Hengerer's; Dayton's. Cuff by Celia Sebiri for Henri Bendel. Belt by Thomas Robbins for Tortolani-Crislu. Boots by Piero Nuti for I. Miller.

BEENE BAZAAR weekends in the country, this page, with a good-looking turnout for getting out—beige cotton poplin cape and pants with a sand-and-white gingham shirt that's silk. Cape, about $165; pants, about $65; shirt, about $46. Saks Fifth Avenue; Dayton's; Harzfeld's. Scarf: Odyssey. Sheffield watches. Canterbury belt. Coif: Maurice Tidy of Vidal Sassoon. Settings: New Jersey's Teterboro Airport.

THE NEW YORK SPRING
COLLECTIONS FOR DAY

THE FAST LOOKS



EL GRECO's Joanna Rubens does knickers of the softest chamois suède, above, for fast-moving girls like Pattie Boyd Harrison, George's wife, to wear with a matching grommetted bodyshirt. Knickers, about $76; shirt, about $50. Franklin Simon; Joseph Magnin. Sheffield watch. Buffalo Jelly bag, at Nature's Children. Berkshire tights. I. Miller shoes.

GIORGIO DI SANT' ANGELO speeds it up, near right, with a tatter-edged white leather skirt to wrap over leotard top and tights and go. And here goes Pattie—on the wing of a go-anywhere twin engine Beechcraft Duke 60 at New Jersey's Teterboro Airport. Top and tights of Formelle fibre by Rohm and Haas, about $60; skirt, about $95. Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; Neiman-Marcus; Joseph Magnin.

EL GRECO's racing reds, far right: laced suède-and-leather weskit and knickers by Joanna Rubens. . . . Pattie's a blonde, looks smashing in red . . . super-smashing in her new red-glinted wig. Knickers, about $80; weskit, about $40. Franklin Simon; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Joseph Magnin. Korrigan sweater. Gorget by Thomas Robbins for Tortolani-Crislu. Boots by Jacques Cohen. Pattie's wig by Contessa di Meano of Vidal Sassoon, styled by Maurice Tidy. For people who travel far and fast, luxe new American wheels—the Stutz Blackhawk motor car, both pages.

ALEXIS WALDECK



PATTIE BOYD HARRISON

THE NEW YORK SPRING COLLECTIONS FOR DAY

THE FAST LOOKS

JAX adds knickers to the Jax Korrigan pullover, above—super knee-buckled knickers of bone cotton corduroy, long navy wool pull —and pretty Parisienne Deborah Dufour accelerates the good looks on Stelber Industries' Lodestar, a battery-powered tri-wheeler for scooting around the grounds. Pull, about $35; knickers, about $25. Both at Jax. Sunglasses by Riviera. Belt by Elegant. Shoes by I. Miller.

GIORGINI's white knit gauchos will travel, near right, with a brown knit pullover latched at neck and wrist with silver-metal; Deborah Dufour has lots of time on her arm, and her foot on the wing of a Beechcraft Baron B55. Wool gauchos, about $65; pullover, about $32. At Bonwit Teller; Harzfeld's; I. Magnin. The watches, by Seiko and Bulova.

GINORI's knit gauchos really get around, far right, in navy wool with a racing-striped navy wool sweater, readied for takeoff in a Bell Jet Ranger helicopter. Gauchos, about $36; sweater, about $20. Bonwit Teller; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Hudson's; Dayton's; I. Magnin. Kayser gloves. Battani boots. Coif: Maurice Tidy of Vidal Sassoon. Setting: Teterboro Airport, New Jersey.

ALEXIS WALDECK


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THE NEW YORK SPRING COLLECTIONS FOR DAY

THE FAST LOOKS



ANNE KLEIN has the knickers knack, near right, and every girl on the go ought, too —just hop into these taupe canvas knickers, zip them on the hipbone to a waterproof canvas shirt-jacket and hop around the country in a helicopter, like this nifty Bell Jet Ranger. Turnout, of cotton canvas, about $130. At Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Goldwaters; J. W. Robinson. Sunglasses: Bausch & Lomb. Vincent Wilson choker. Belt: Bob Lee for Hunting World. Sheffield watches.

BONNIE CASHIN for Philip Sills reads the flylife loud and clear, far right, shifts you into perfect gear for getting away from it all in your Beechcraft Baron B55: a hooded black jersey jumpsuit . . . plus white leather miniskirt . . . plus long snap-front sleeveless coat—white leather in front, black leather in back. Woolmark jumpsuit of Jasco wool jersey, about $130; skirt, about $85; coat, about $230. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Hengerer's. Sunglasses: Kenneth J. Lane for Tropic-Cal. Celia Sebiri cuff, at Henri Bendel. Maurice Tidy of Vidal Sassoon coif. Scene: New Jersey's Teterboro Airport.



American good looks

EIGHT WOMEN AND THE BEAUTY ROUTINES
THEY'VE MADE FOR THE BUSY LIVES THEY LEAD



CARRIE SNODGRESS . . . ***a wild medley of chameleonic qualities.*** A film critic once suggested that actresses should have "an ambiguous sort of beauty." Carrie Snodgress, star of the successful *Diary of a Mad Housewife*, agrees. "I think of myself as rather plain," she says, "but that pleases me since it makes it easier for me to take on whatever colourations and characteristics a rôle needs." Actually, she is pulse pizzicato pretty . . . rather diaphanous, but vivacious and laughing . . . with a mobile and roguish face . . . an independent and somewhat moody nature. Between stage, screen, and television rôles and publicity tours, home is a house in the North Hollywood Hills shared with her brother, his wife, and his wife's friend, because "being alone is a bummer." Friends talk of her uniqueness and of her energy, so it is not surprising that she should have invented her own, highly individual pattern of living and regenerating her natural vitality.

"I'm very good at sleeping. I fall asleep immediately. I sleep four hours a night six nights a week. Then once a week I sleep eight hours. I go to bed very late, anywhere between 2 and 4 in the morning. I'm an early riser, get up between 7 and 8. . . . I do at night what most people do in the daytime. I clean my house. Just keeping my house clean is exercise. I wash floors, walls, windows. Just try reaching and cleaning the ledges of doors. It's the best exercise. I came from a home—and what's real about a home is washing machines and clotheslines. Other than house cleaning for exercise, I mountain climb or walk in the country on days off. I go to Palm Springs or Big Sur for this. . . . I have very definite non-frivolous food ideas. I'm a vegetarian. In the morning I have tea or coffee with saccharine. Then prune juice. I drink lots of prune juice. When I'm working, I add a dried hi-protein cereal or two poached eggs. I believe in dried things for nibbling. Prunes, apricots, or raisins. I seldom eat lunch, believe in one important meal per day. This may take place any time between 3 in the afternoon to 11:30 at night. For this main meal, I love swordfish, red snapper, trout, or salmon —steamed, boiled, or baked. I never eat iodized shellfish. I eat any and every kind of vegetable. I'm not really a good cook, but I can do a great vegetable casserole. I do not use salt, seldom eat bread, but what I adore is yoghurt and soup." . . . *About makeup:* "I work very hard to get my face to be me. For everyday it's almost none-at-all for makeup. I never use a lipstick, I use Blistex or a moisturizer in a white jar called Carmex, I think. Other than that I use blush-on here and there. I have to take very good care of my skin. I work on a nerve sensitized level all the time with great body tension. My skin would be a mess if I didn't care for it steadily. For cleansing, I use Pernox. This is a sandy salve in a tube. I rub it in, let it sit for five minutes, then rub it off. I wash my face three times a day with a non-detergent soap, either Phisohex or Neutrogena. I also massage the soap into the skin before rinsing it off." . . . *Interests miscellaneous:* "I don't read very much, but I am very sensitive to sounds. I never ever look at television, but I listen to every form of music from jazz to classical to rock. I go to The Troubadour [No. 1 music spot with young] lots. I like Roberta Flack and both James Taylor and Livingston Taylor. I can not live in a house without soothing music and it is impossible for me to be around any anger, raised voices, or screaming." . . . *For the future:* "I'm anxious to have kids and a home. I guess I've gotta find a guy first. I could never marry a nine-to-fiver. I need someone who would not be offended by my life of racing off to London for a publicity shot. I need someone creative and emotional—perhaps a writer, a producer, even an actor, as long as he isn't neurotic or crazy! I see a family with all of us coming together bringing the outside life-force into the home. My husband and I from work—the children from school." . . . For pictures, Carrie wore a maroon jersey long slink of a dress, figure-revealing the teensiest bee-sting bosoms, broad bony shoulders, and a wispy waistlessness. "I haven't worn a bra in three years. I feel much more feminine, much closer to myself, without a bra. It fits in with being honest about yourself." A ribbon about the throat, black stockings and shoes made her chic. The shiny, squeaky-clean hair was natural, in a new cut designed by Don Moran. To: Where did you get the dress? "Dad bought the dress for me from a model who was wearing it in the Pump Room in Chicago." . . . After the picture-taking, she raced to the ladies' room in the Universal commissary to change into her other outfit: jeans, a T-shirt, and granny glasses. These had been left there unattended because "Who'd want to steal them," she said. Gone the days of great star dressing rooms!

HENRY CLARKE



American

MRS. RICHARD FEIGEN . . . *pointillist and experimenting.*

Sandra Feigen, wife of a New York art dealer and mother of four young daughters refers to herself as "a late bloomer at everything." . . . "My friends say I look better now than I ever have and I'm inclined to agree with them. I think it's because I'm extremely happy and have developed a kind of rage for keeping things in order, including myself. I don't really have any kind of beauty routine but I do go to Ann Rudo for facials and to Elizabeth Arden for massages every once in a while to pamper myself. . . . Actually, if there is any one part of me that I really take care of, it's my hair. I wash it three times a week—once at the beauty salon, once at home here in town, and once in the country. And I go to Don Lee fairly regularly for scalp treatments. . . . I'm one of those people who seem to need a lot of rest. Since the whole social routine has been switched in New York from weekends to week nights, I try to make our family weekends in the country as relaxing as possible for my husband and myself. Weekends I sleep nine hours a night. . . . About exercise, I am a fanatic. In town, I walk as much as possible and in the country I ride my bicycle with the children. I'm an early riser after a good night's sleep, and I like to get up and get out early in the morning to exercise class at Bendel's. I go several times a week and exercise at home in between. I'm so faithful about it that I do my exercises in hotel rooms when my husband and I are travelling together. I guess I've surprised room service waiters bringing us breakfast more than once. . . . I'm a lady who likes her evening bath. It's as good for the nerves as it is for the complexion. My favourite things are sponges—Loofa-foam sponges and little silk ones that I buy in great batches at the St. Regis drug store. The Loofa sponge is slightly abrasive on one side and is great for keeping the backs of my heels, knees, elbows, and feet smooth. Used all over, it makes your skin tingle. I use the little silk sponges the way most people use cleansing tissue—to apply creams, to remove them or makeup, to wash or to wipe. . . . I'm something of a weight watcher. My scale is just inside the bathroom door and I've made it a habit to step onto it on my way in every morning. . . . I seldom go on long diets, but I do believe in drinking lots of water. I drink gallons of a non-carbonated mineral water that I discovered three years ago in Venice. It's S. Pellegrino and I get it by the case every ten days from Fraser Morris. . . . Because we go out and entertain a lot, I try to diet one day a week every week. My favourite one-day crash diet consists of a portion of chopped, cooked, fresh spinach with two poached eggs, with a glass of mineral water, for both lunch and dinner. It's marvellous because I can have lunch out and still stick to my diet since most restaurants will prepare it more cheerfully than hamburger and cottage cheese."



MRS. ROBERT SAKOWITZ . . . *breezy . . . tall and boy-slender . . . with a vivacious mane of chestnut hair.*

Houston-based, Pamela Sakowitz logs a minimum of 100,000 travel miles a year, keeps social schedules in Houston and Manhattan and works with the display and design departments in the stores owned by her husband's family. "I am a real do-it-yourselfer when it comes to beauty," she says, "since I travel so much and find it difficult to make and keep salon appointments. . . . I think my routine is very basic. . . . I use absolutely nothing on my face except soap and water and sometimes, in winter, a little moisturizing film. I steam my face with a facecloth dipped into the hottest tap water I can stand to open the pores, then



HENRY CLARKE

good looks

MRS. GIANLUIGI GABETTI . . . *an urbane and gentle presence.*

Bettina Gabetti is a native New Yorker whose Italian husband is president of the Olivetti Corporation of America. Tall, slender, with a flawless complexion and exquisite hands, her most remarkable features are her grey-green eyes accentuated by her extraordinary pale, single-brushstroke eyebrows. "My friends say I live my life by the book," she says, laughing her throaty, melodious laugh. "It's true." But the book—her most important beauty secret—is her black leather pocket appointment calendar. In it she keeps an account of almost every hour of her waking day. "I never break appointments unless something really terribly important comes up. I always think of the Dr. Seuss book about the elephant who is always 100 per cent faithful. I also seem to think that everyone else is as busy as I am and if I make an appointment with someone, they expect to have it kept, and it would ruin their schedule to change it." When you're as busy as Bettina Gabetti with regular activities with her children, regular trips to the family's East Hampton country house, jaunts abroad with her husband, personal appointments, Cancer Care and Memorial Sloan-Kettering board meetings, and a mind-boggling series of entertainments to give and to go to, sticking to a plan means the saving of an endless amount of nerve-jangling tension and anxiety and face-spoiling wrinkles and worry-lines. . . . "I've tried many things for my skin," she says. "Once I even plastered it with avocado pear, but it felt so awful I never tried it again. Then last year, I decided I had never seen anyone for my skin and it was time I did. So I went to see the famous Dr. Laszlo. He told me I needed to use oil, then wash it off, then another cream, then wash it off, and then a simple almost calamine lotion, but thinner, put on and left. I do it every day. . . . I go to the hairdresser once a week and because I decided it wasn't going grey fast enough to be interesting, I began having my hair streaked. I use Georgette Briand's shampoo because it is very mild and a conditioner, like Fermodyl. . . . My eyebrows are very light but they grow in haphazardly so every now and then I just start pulling away at them. . . . I exercise with as much regularity as I possibly can squeeze in, and diet spasmodically because I adore food. I have a very low metabolism and have a weight problem that has had to be treated medically since I was a child. For exercise I go to Bob Seed. He is a sprout of Pilates whom I went to until he died. I go anywhere from once to four times a week. I also found a man called Antoniadis who comes to the house to give me ten or fifteen minutes of exercise and a massage each week. I have a manicure every week, touch it up myself between, and use a Laszlo hand cream daily." . . . Mrs. Gabetti says she isn't naturally very energetic. "I like to take eight hours of sleep a night. If I stay up too late too many nights in a row, I feel awful. Then I take vitamin C up to six times a day to keep going. I'm a bug on organic vitamins, anyway. I go to Better Diet Shop on 57th Street. I take one vitamin C every morning, and in the evening, I take one multivitamin and one vitamin E, and something called Pinezyme (pineapple enzyme) which is very helpful to digest starches and proteins. I do this so faithfully that sometimes when I'm dining out and produce all those pills, people stare at me as if I'm a dope addict or something." . . . Why does she do it? "I owe it to my husband, my family, and myself. I think it's a woman's duty to practise her beauty as long as it lasts."



JACK ROBINSON

I soap well, rinse, and finish off with splashes of ice water from the refrigerator to close the pores. . . . I wash my hair myself, use a conditioner about once a month and brush it 100 to 200 strokes a day. . . . I don't diet but I think exercise is essential. I prefer to do a real sport like skiing or riding, which I really love. . . . I believe you either have good skin or you don't. I was just lucky to have good skin but it'll probably turn to cardboard when I'm fifty since I don't do what people say you should for it. I believe in makeup which is the great coverup. Cake makeup is against every rule in the book but I always use it. For dark circles under the eyes I use a theatrical makeup concealer. . . . If you take time with makeup when you put it on, it can look totally natural. . . . I used to practise applying it, and I still do, to achieve different looks for different clothes, and especially for evening. . . . I use makeup brushes all the time but not just makeup brushes from the beauty department of a store, but Japanese paint brushes and sable brushes from art supply stores. . . . I think the most important thing I do for myself is get enough sleep. I can't function in the evening unless I sleep for about two hours in the afternoon. That may sound like a lot but when you go to bed at 1 A.M. and get up at 7, that two-hour nap makes my sleep equal out to the normal 8 hours."

American

MRS. ALFRED BLOOMINGDALE . . . *a balance that starts with self-discipline.*

"She has the longest legs in the world and skin like a baby's, perfect bones . . . she's one of a few Americans who have real *joie de vivre*." That's how one friend describes Betsey Bloomingdale. Another called her: "a human concentric force . . . a centre around whom something is always happening . . . interested in everything . . . perennially involved." . . . "I do like to be busy," admits this native as well as resident Californian and mother of three quite grown-up children. "I find things to do all the time. [Her most recent enthusiasm is Dr. Jonas Salk whom she has met with several times to discuss ways of raising funds and finding new facilities for medical research.] But I had to teach myself to organize and get things done. I think I was born with a predisposition to backslide. In fact my horoscope says that my only good hours in a day are between four in the afternoon and eight in the evening. Obviously I had to do something. No one could live with that." So discipline herself she does. "I force myself up by nine every morning. The first thing I do is my exercises . . . a matter of fifteen minutes: something for the circulation of the blood . . . then a shower . . . then buckets of Lubriderm for my skin. After that I can face the day, no matter what kind of a day or where. . . . During the week, when I'm home in Los Angeles, I always seem to have lots of meetings and lunches. I check what I eat but don't diet. It's one of the real joys of being as tall as I am [5'9"]. . . . I take vitamin B_{12} shots and capsules because I have a tendency to be anaemic—and for energy. . . . As for my skin, I owe it to Dr. Laszlo. For my figure, I bicycle about two miles a day with my daughter, and I swim and garden. I've been growing orchids; they're so dazzling when you put them around the house. . . . What I love in life is something that looks as if you'd spent hours doing it—like orchids or a beautiful dessert—but really it was just a snap."

BARONNE FRANCOIS DE NERCIAT . . . *sensitive . . . imaginative . . . subtle.*



NISBERG

Dana de Nerciat is one of the beautiful Americans in Paris. A mannequin at Chanel, she is all sea-green eyes, amber hair, antelope-slender and graceful. Lives in the country about an hour from town—with her husband, a handsome pair of German shepherd dogs, and a tiger-striped cat called Moumouche. A first-class swimmer, she rides, waterskis, gardens, and collects all sorts of animal waifs and strays. "I love the fresh clean feeling of the country," she says. "In fact, I think the most important thing about beauty is to be clean. If my hair, for example, needs washing, I feel awful and ugly. I have a bath twice a day with lots of bath oil (Chanel) and I love good soap with a nice strong perfume (Chanel, Roger et Gallet). After the bath, I rub more bath oil all over myself —not especially for my skin but simply because it smells so good—better than perfume. I clean my face with a milk (Orlane), then an Orlane tonic, and then an Orlane hydrating cream under my makeup. At night the same thing, except that I use one of three Orlane night creams: Vesperale, Crème Gelée Royale, or Crème Active if I'm having a skin problem. They are not greasy creams, and I find them very good. It is important to take your makeup off at night—you have a much better skin the next morning. . . . As far as makeup is concerned, the most important thing is what your skin looks like—to me the mouth and the eyes are accessories. I have to change or rotate my makeup base very often because after a while nothing seems to give the same effect. I don't know why. . . . I never diet—usually I eat like five people, but only when I'm hungry or until I'm not hungry any more. . . . I don't really do anything special to exercise, although I suppose I should. I do a tremendous amount of gardening and lead in general a really country life—lots of walks with the dogs, et cetera. . . . The best way to wake up properly is to eat a good breakfast. I have a café au lait first, then take my bath, and then sit down to a proper breakfast with more café au lait, toast, and eggs or porridge. It's much easier to get up in the country—in the city I often wake up in a bad mood, but in the country I am much more apt to wake up in a good mood. Also, I think it helps to have a certain amount of activity going on around—other people who are up, the smell of breakfast being prepared . . . but I think it's terribly important to begin the day in the right way—and rather silently. . . . Perhaps the source of one's energy depends on the interest one takes in what one is doing or going to do and in what is going on around one. If you are bored, you have no energy. If you hate your job, you have no energy to work. You have to get outside yourself—people who are always dissatisfied are usually completely wrapped up in themselves and terrible egotists. . . . Usually I go to the hairdresser's in Paris, but sometimes I do my hair myself in the country. Guillaume, who is Chanel's hairdresser, taught me a wonderful hair-conditioning treatment that I do for myself every week or two. It's messy—but it's very good for the hair! This way: 1. Brush hair with olive oil. Wrap it up in a scarf over night if you can stand it, but even if you only leave the olive oil on for a couple of hours it is fabulous for dyed or streaked hair and makes your hair fantastically shiny and glossy. 2. Beat two egg yolks separately from the whites. 3. Wash your hair with the yolk and rinse with really lukewarm water (if it's too hot you get an omelette!). 4. Wash again with the egg whites beaten with the juice of half a lemon until they are frothy. Rinse with lukewarm water."

good looks

MRS. FREDERICK GUEST . . .

catkin soft with a contemporary strongmindedness . . . *that's Stephanie Guest. Married before she was twenty, she keeps homes for her handsome, young, investment banker husband and a child in Manhattan, and on Long Island's North Shore, while also working as a full-time student for her college degree. Her face and hair are like a bowl of peaches and cream set on a polished mahogany table; her smile fresh and carefree, and her nature quietly unconventional. "When your mother and aunt are actresses (Joan and Constance Bennett), you really grow up conscious of beauty and looks," she says. "Now I'm much less conscious of my physical appearance, but I'm grateful for many of the things my mother ingrained in me as a child. One thing she always did, that I'm glad she did, was to see to it that we never had too much to eat on our table. I mean—there was plenty of food, but never fattening things. We never had bread with meals, seldom had potatoes, always had salads, and only once in a great while sweet desserts, but lots of fruit instead. Our portions of food were always small and I just grew up thinking that that was the only way to eat. I think that's why I've never had to worry about weight. Most mothers are always stuffing their children with food, so they learn to eat more than they need. . . . She believed in rest, not sleep necessarily, but a regular period of time each day in which to relax, unwind in comfort and alone. . . . I'm not athletic, don't swing on bars or anything like that, but I do exercise, go to a yoga class, and play volley ball at school. . . . I get my hair cut twice a year at Sassoon's and wash it myself, sometimes three or four*



times a week. . . . I believe beauty comes from inside, that it's a product of character and personality. Take the kids at school. I admire them and the way they look tremendously. They're interested in ideas and the environment, and they have made those interests part of their lives. They're eating organic foods, not smoking, organizing communes. It's given me a different outlook. Perhaps that's why I have a double major in philosophy and conservation. We are part of the universal ecology we must protect and improve. My skin developed a rash recently. A dermatologist recommended better cleansing as an antidote to the pollution and dirt in the air. I went to Cyclax where they worked out a cleansing routine I do at night. . . . To some people, that has to do with beauty in its cosmetic sense; to me, it's ecology. It all depends on how you look at it. Doesn't it?"

IRIS LOVE . . . *the pretty Mister Professor . . .*

that's what the locals on the Turkish isthmus of Knidos call her . . . and Iris Love just laughs. "To them a woman archaeologist is about as strange as a tuberose would be," she says. But crackerjack archaeologist she is, the discoverer of the long-searched-for ancient Knidos Temple of Aphrodite, goddess of love, and, in the basement of the British Museum, a marble head she identified as that of the same goddess. A New Englander by birth, four months of the year she lives at the temple's Greco-Turkish excavation site, and since visitors—other archaeologists, English lords and television documentary crews—are constantly dropping in, she keeps up appearances even when hard at work on a dig. "We have to pack in everything. I mean, it's really camping. We live in tents, boil all our water, and bathe in the sea. . . . I guess I've become somewhat expert in protecting my skin from the drying effects of sun, heat, and wind. I find it's important to use a sun-screening cream when actually working in the sun, to use a cream cleanser as well as soap and water to remove dust and dirt, plus a moisturizer overnight. . . . Proteins are particularly hard to come by in Knidos. We have to take canned hams, chickens, whatever I can get. And we eat a lot of pasta that I pick up in Italy on my way to the site. . . . Our vegetables are also mostly tinned but we get some things fresh from the nearest village, 10 kilometres away. I always think eating really fresh, untampered-with vegetables and fruits is the healthiest thing one can do for one's diet. . . . For exercise, besides the actual work of digging, I water-ski. . . . My hair is easy because it has a slight natural curl. I always have it cut well before I leave for Knidos. I wash it daily, or almost daily, and just brush it dry in the heat and sun. The sun helps out by bleaching it. . . . I've always felt that the thing that makes a woman beautiful is the spirit that motivates her, her inner drive, her *anima*. . . . Dante said beautiful women are women who have the intelligence to love. Loving, to me, is an intelligent as well as passionate thing. . . . I suppose partly as a reaction to my Spartan life on Knidos, I'm a perfume addict. I love Floris bath oil and sachet and things and always shop there in London on my way home from Turkey. . . . Knidos itself makes me feel healthy and beautiful. There everything I do is good . . . the work . . . the sweat . . . the air. . . . I sleep less and work harder than most people, but the work is fulfilling and revitalizing and the sleep is deep and sound."



JACK ROBINSON



BEAUTY *bulletin*

H_2O PLUS?

WATER, THE NEW BEAUTY DRINK – A PRIMER TO WHET YOUR AQUA-TITE

The champagne bucket at the next table might very well be chilling a bottle of crystal-clear H_2O. Pure, undiluted deliciousness. "Nectar imbibed in a dream . . . as fresh as the bud of the tulip, as cool as the bed of the stream . . . soothing and soft and impassioned," as Ogden Nash wrote about *A Drink with Something in It.*

It may be part of the rush back to nature. It may be because, with travel, more people are being introduced to exotically brilliant waters, sharpening their palates. Or it may be edgy feelings about murky goings-on in the troubled tap-water department. Whatever the reason, bottled water has become a lyrical subject and each brand has its fierce and loyal partisans. Wherever Carol Channing goes, her Indian Head water goes with her. Thirty gallons of American's Mountain Valley accompanied the President on a recent visit to Europe. Returning from Europe, one American beauty insisted she lost the fifteen pounds she left in Paris because of all the Évian she drank. Her husband felt Contrexéville cured his gout. . . . Water's the new drink to bone up on. Soon it may be as de rigueur to know the springs as it is to know the vineyards.

For starters, see the sampler of illustrious bottles pictured below. Six domestics, seven imports, and, with one exception, all "naturals." A natural mineral water, as opposed to a processed one, is untreated—nothing added, nothing removed. The best ones flow from carefully guarded springs that have long reputations for uniform quality and stability of mineral content. Most gained their original aura at health resorts, which their therapeutic values were responsible for sparking in the first place. . . . Like wine, water comes still or sparkling. Among the ***natural still waters*** below: *Deer Park,* from springs at the Maryland resort of the same name. Has a distinct bite, convincing wholesomeness. Became celebrated as "the great water" served on B & O railroad trains. . . . *Contrexéville,* from the revered Pavillon spring on France's Faucille Mountain, a staunch little water with natural bicarbonates of calcium, lithium, magnesium. . . . *Fiuggi,* a still of striking clarity, is held by many bon vivants to be *l'eau des eaux.* Dances out of springs high in central Italy. Five hundred years ago Michelangelo gave Fiuggi credit for curing his kidney stones. . . . *Poland Water* originally acquired its engaging tang at Poland Springs in Maine, now springs from Wayside, New Jersey. Orson Welles has been seen ordering it in restaurants. . . . *Mountain Valley,* the doyen of American waters, is a bracing ambrosia from Arkansas's Hot Springs, which De Soto found the Indians taking for pains and aches in 1541. The only nationally distributed domestic water. Staple in many distinguished homes and offices, including the White House. Hildegarde calls it "liquid velvet." Chanel's president, Gregory Thomas, orders it in restaurants. Has an impressive equine following, too. Went to every track with Nashua and Kelso. . . . *Évian,* a supremely delicate water, comes from Alpine springs at another venerable health resort, Évian-Les-Bains; is the most popular single brand of bottled water in France . . . and for quantity of bottled water consumed, Frenchmen take the world championship (33 litres a year per citizen). Évian and Vittel, another admirable French water, are the only waters served at New York's Grenouille. . . . *State Seal,* a well-rounded elixir, at once gentle and crisp, is one of four waters that issue from different springs at Saratoga's storied spa.

The ***natural sparklers*** emerge bubbling from the streams (as opposed to fortified sparklers, which have been pepped up with additives). *Apollinaris* bounces roisterously from a spring at Bad Neuenahr in the Ahr Valley of Germany. Loved for itself alone, as well as its mixing qualities. . . . *Perrier,* France's premier carbonated water, pours from a Provençal spring near Marseilles. A frisky scintillator, it's the "soda" you get when you order whisky and soda chez such meticulous dispensers of *haute cuisine* as New York's Lutèce. "Perrier straight on Évian rocks" is one swinger's prescription for keeping her cool. . . . *Badoit,* a zippy water from Savoy, France, is counted on by (Continued, next page)

Sparkling. Or still. Running deep either way. The great, great waters: the connoisseur's delight.

PENN



BEAUTY *bulletin*

H2O

MORE ON WATER, THE CONNOISSEUR'S DELIGHT. FACTS AND FANCIES ON WATER AS A DIET DRINK

(Continued) legions of admirers for "regulating the digestive function." . . . *Vichy Celestins* bursts forth from the Celestine spring at Vichy, "The Queen of the Health Resorts." The Vichy burp is a sign of distinction, and for its achievement, Europeans often make a long quaff of the delicious, slightly saline stuff their after-dinner drink. . . . *Saratoga Geyser*, a gusty sparkler, is the only naturally carbonated water in the U.S. It's regularly seen on tables at New York's Four Seasons restaurant.

The ***treated waters*** include *Great Bear*, big name in American waters since 1888. Drawn from a spring in New Jersey, it's then demineralized and purified. Great Bear's the only processed water in this photograph, but there are hundreds of other "conditioned" waters on the American scene. . . . *Alhambra* of San Francisco; *Crystal* of Phoenix; *Corinnis* of Chicago. In Southern California, where it's estimated that 50% of the bottled-water drinking goes on, *Sparkletts* is "manufactured" from raw water drawn from deep artesian wells, then carefully conditioned to make it as dreamy a drink as possible. In Beverly Hills, Le Bistro serves only Sparkletts for table water. Sparkletts sparkles three ways: Spring Fresh (with spring-water taste and mineral balance); Supreme, fluoridated against tooth decay and with extra iron and other nutritional elements; and "Purified" for persons whose doctors have prescribed a complete absence of minerals. . . . *Arrowhead Puritas* is another California water that has been reconstituted by man for man's drinking delight. The California spa, La Costa, goes a step further, has their Arrowhead processed expressly for them with reduced sodium content for their dieting guests.

Which brings up the question of water as a ***diet drink.*** Is the sodium content significant? Generally the bottled still waters have considerably less sodium than tap water. The sparkling waters are usually higher in sodium. Most American medical men, however, contend that the amount of sodium in any drinkable water is too minute to make a difference.

Does the timing of the water drinking affect weight loss in any way? At the Évian spa in France the water-curists are directed to "rinse their systems out" with Évian water at every meal. They're instructed, as well, to take two glasses every morning before arising ("The rinsing is more effective if you lie down while you drink"); two at noon; two before dinner; and one before retiring. "You drive excess water out of the body by flushing it with Évian water" is the theory there.

We asked an American obesity authority if this line of thinking held water? Could one get waterlogged? "The amount of water you drink has nothing to do with water retention," he said. "I don't think any harm can come from the European water cures. And, if you take three glasses of water before meals, you might not eat as much as you would otherwise, which is all to the good of the dieter."

"But it would have to be just before meals—not an hour or more before," added another doctor. "The real beauty of learning to love a good water is that it can substitute for so many other things that may not be as harmless. It can be as joyous an apéritif as Vermouth. At the table, it can fill up the little spots in your stomach that you might otherwise have thought to occupy with a dessert. If one takes real pleasure in her special water, she might even learn to reach for a glass of it instead of a cigarette. It is a great non-caloric source of oral gratification for those obsessed with the need to be forever putting something into their mouths." . . . Which reminded us of a young Scottish beauty we know who has taken to leaving the gin out of her gimlet—and mixes, with Rose's Lime Juice, New Jersey's bottled Branch Water instead. She calls it a "Grimlet," but she's really intoxicated with its pow.

Drops for the water-conversation bucket: The real water bug doesn't stop at taking his own particular brand neat. He fills his ice trays with it, cooks with it, makes his tea, coffee, fruit juices with it. . . . There is no such thing as pure H_2O, two parts hydrogen to one part oxygen. As soon as a cloud becomes rain, water begins acquiring minerals in the air, starting with star dust. ***All water is mineral water.*** The famous bottled waters just happen to have a particular combination of minerals that have been found to be agreeable to the palate and the system. . . . The bottled water that seems so satin-y and soft in the going down is probably technically hard water. Hardness is determined by pH, the acidity-alkalinity balance which is perfectly neutral at 7.0—over 7, "hard" or alkaline; under 7, "soft" or acidic. Most of the bottled waters tend to be slightly alkaline, which is why, when food leans to the acidic side, the "waters of the first water" are an especially delicious contrast. . . . Bon appétit.

For more freshness that knows no season:
a new breed of lilac

Just as reviving as a shot of great water, properly cooled and decanted from an impressive bottle that may have travelled thousands of miles to please an aquaphile's palate, a new breed of lilac is dressing faces with nearly unreasonable, clearly unseasonable joy. No traditional lilacs, these. They were crossed with plum by Revlon to increase their pulsating smokiness, and named Lilacs in the Snow. In the happy face here you see the happy results of five gradations of their tones. Gentle Plum lashes fringe the eyes. On the lids Baby Lilac merges into Frosty Lilac. Cheeks bloom with Plumrose, a brand new gel blush. Plum Lilac lipstick frosts the mouth. . . . Dress: Abraham silk organza by Chester Weinberg. About $395; Bonwit Teller; Swanson's. Earrings by R. F. Clark for William de Lillo at Bonwit Teller. Suga coiffure.

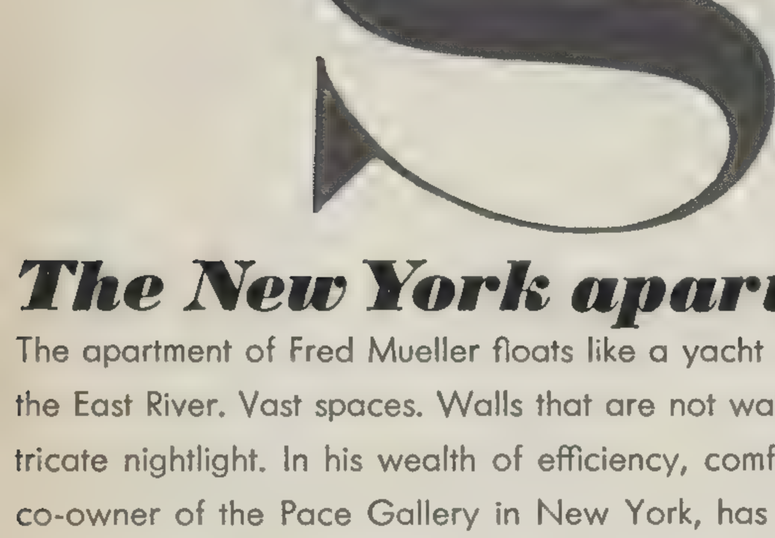


IN THE ART-LAND OF AMERICA

Space-and-light

The New York apartment of Fred Mueller

The apartment of Fred Mueller floats like a yacht freighted with treasures on top of a building overlooking the East River. Vast spaces. Walls that are not walls. Doors that are not doors. Floods of light: daylight, intricate nightlight. In his wealth of efficiency, comfort, and brilliantly scaled space, Mr. Mueller, who is the co-owner of the Pace Gallery in New York, has arranged on every sight line his personal and beautiful compositions of contemporary and primitive art, Oriental furniture, and rain-forest-sized plants. To ripple the gloss of perfection, he added startlers: Andy Warhol's "Electric Chair," a New Guinea mask made, in part, from a human skull. "I like things of great refinement *and* things of great brutality," Mr. Mueller said.

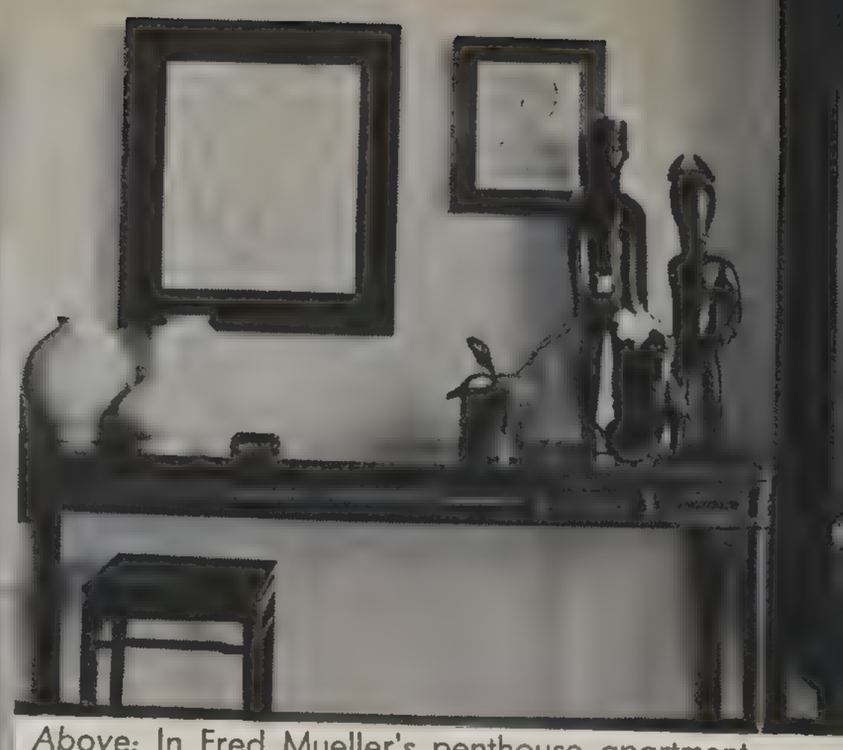


Right: In the living room, on the far wall, a Morris Louis painting; on the right, a Cy Twombly; between them, a polished steel Paolozzi sculpture. In front of the Louis, an Arp bronze; in front of the Twombly, a Dogon tribal dance mask. The sofa, designed by Mr. Mueller, faces a Chinese table with a Siamese bronze monkey. *Above:* In the dining room, a Nicholas Krushenick painting, "King Kong," near a pair of fourteenth-century Korean wood carvings. With eighteenth-century Chinese chairs, a lacquer table designed by Mr. Mueller. *Left:* A Lucas Samaras construction of massed pins, above a Japanese portrait mask of a monk. At the right, a Larry Bell glass sculpture.

HORST







Above: In Fred Mueller's penthouse apartment the subtleties of the large, stripped-down rooms are in his groupings and choices of works of art. Here, one Chinese and two Korean vases share a Chinese table with African sculptures (once in the collection of the artist Louise Nevelson). Above these hang two "string paintings" of 1925, by Arp. *Left:* In the white, sun-shot dining room the Albers painting "Blue Secret" hangs on the left wall, and two sixteenth-century Chinese cabinets balance the arrangement of art shown above. The shadows and refracted light of the transparent Larry Bell sculpture add patterns to the floor and ceiling. *Below:* In the entrance hall, framed in a tall narrow window, stands the first cast of Ernest Trova's polished aluminum "Walking Man."



Left: A magnificent wall-sized sculpture by Louise Nevelson in a room painted an equivalent dead black takes high relief from the sun off the river. Designed (as was the entire apartment) with the help of the architect John Bedenkapp, this library was especially shaped to contain Nevelson sculptures. The chairs are, again, eighteenth-century Chinese. The Japanese wooden dog is one of a pair. Mr. Mueller has collected Oriental furniture since his youth in Hawaii.



Art, in a sweep from the eighth century until now

(Fred Mueller apartment, continued) Sweeping out architectural habits from conventional window shapes to linenfold panelling, Mr. Mueller opened small rooms into spaces for art. In his bedroom, above, even his bed, covered in red leather, breaks habit by being placed in the middle of the room. Around the walls are: high up on the left, an Arp polychrome wood relief from the 1920's; on the far wall, an early painting by Larry Bell with a glass centre, presaging his present transparent works; and, right, an Andy Warhol painting of Marilyn Monroe. On the Chinese table beside the bed, a small wooden figure from Upper Volta. *Left:* At the end of a hallway with a large painting by Sven Lukin on one wall stands a Cambodian Buddha that dates from the eighth century.

Line-and-form *The New York apartment of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Vagliano*

In this stripped, geometric *pied-en-ciel* the Alexander Vaglianos, with their three children, light in New York from their house in Connecticut. A banker of rare imagination, Mr. Vagliano cleared an old apartment of its banal rooms, scooping out windows to frame Central Park in seamless glass, gutting walls for pivoting walnut panels to create a sequence of spaces. Spare with objects, many of his own design, lavish with art, he has hollowed a space-age environment in a traditional stone shell. *Above:* Dining in the round on a shimmer of stainless steel, plastic table and chairs lit by six neon rings. Carved into the pebble dash, a moon-window is a pass-through to the kitchen. *Opposite page:* Mrs. Vagliano, *near right above,* in the living room with, behind her, a chartreuse fibre-glass sculpture, "Le Ghibelline," by Gio Pomodoro. Especially designed of British Honduras mahogany, the massive cubed furniture shifts into new geometries. *Near right below:* The entrance hall walled in an Avedisian painting; metal sculptures by Consagra. *Far right above:* Art-gallery lights light the living room with, left, a painting by McIntyre; right, a canvas stretched over nails by Castellani. *Far right centre:* In the girls' room, the beds are walnut platforms; light bulbs on steel rods hang from the ceiling. *Far right below:* In the master bedroom clued to a huge canvas by Sheila Isham, a wall of walnut-panelled closets. The airborne bed, designed by Mr. Vagliano, hangs by steel rods from a ceiling frame. Mrs. Vagliano, who enjoys her husband's surprises in living, drew the line at a cork bed floating on water.

HORST

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE

OF SUGGESTIONS, FINDS, AND OBSERVATIONS



Waiting . . . it's part of life in New York:

Emmy Lou arrived in Manhattan and found waiting to do things, to get things, is just part of the game . . . but, ah, what a game. . . .

1. *Waiting for your luggage* at the airport is where the waiting starts in New York . . . oh, well . . . Emmy Lou's wool jersey suit, a happy mixture of green, red, yellow, blue, all sorts of wool trim, and embroidered patches, with a fitted peplum jacket. $130. DD Dominick, 246 East 51st Street. . . .



1

2. *Waiting at the bank* (the Chase Manhattan, here). . . . But think how nice it is to tuck away for a rainy day. . . . Emmy Lou's knickers, shirt, sash, all the same bird print on cotton challis. At Genesis, 1049 Madison Avenue. . . .

2



3

3. *Waiting for the bus,* there goes one that's loaded to the gills . . . but it's nice to know another's on the way. . . . Emmy Lou's smoky-taupe plain bias-cut patchwork skirt, $47; lacquer-red crochet shawl, by Carina, from DD Dominick, 246 East 51st Street. . . .

JACK ROBINSON



4

4. *Waiting at D'Agostino's . . .* but if you get behind the ladies who've done the weekly buy, you can always listen in on their conversation. . . . Emmy Lou's dress in multi-prints of earthy copper and plum colours, cotton knit, $40. Genesis, 1049 Madison Avenue. . . .

5. *Waiting at the ZumZum counter restaurant* gives you a chance to share your news with a friend . . . Emmy Lou is in a sky-blue print, bordered and sleeved with black-and-white checkerboard cotton, $155. Ayako, 233 East 53rd Street. . . . Mary's in two Liberty prints together, the dress pink, the under-ruffle and shawl ultra-marine, $55. Scarabocchio, 344 East 72nd Street. . . . ***And then . . .***



5

More on next page

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE *Continued*

. . . Home Free! Head of the Line



JACK ROBINSON

6. Of course, if the movie's a hit, you wait in line. But . . . if you get there just at that magic moment, you are at the *head* of the line! . . . Emmy Lou's black silk jersey top with silver appliqué butterfly, $40; black suède knickers, trimmed with silvery nailheads, $75. . . . Don's black suède jeans with appliqué silver stars, $95. All from Scarabocchio, 344 East 72nd Street. . . .

Books: a curious shopping list perhaps, but each is interesting in its own way. . . .

Miss Pooky Peckinpah by Kay Thompson. Pooky is interested in boys, all sorts, and she tells us all about them . . . most fun if read aloud—even more fun if you imagine Kay Thompson reading it aloud in her ringing, resonant, and commanding voice. The drawings are by Joe Eula . . . $4.95 at Doubleday's. . . .

Selective Shopping, N. Y. C. *Third Edition. By a team of knowing New York shoppers to benefit the Boys' Club of New York. Some of the experts who lead you through seven hundred stores in helpful fashion: Mica Ertegun, Chessy Rayner, Gloria Schiff, Linda Hackett, Billy Baldwin. $1.95. Proceeds benefit the Boys' Club of New York, 287 East 10th Street, New York, N. Y. 10009. . . .*

Historic Houses of America by Phyllis Lee Levin. Everybody's interested in seeing these houses—and there are lots of photos here—it's Mrs. Levin's text that makes it especially interesting . . . like absorbing big gulps of gossipy history. . . . $18.50 at Alan Elsner Bookshop, 247 East 57th Street, N. Y. C. . . .

(Continued from page 137)

is parent and friend, other and helper, someone who completes him and, most of all, pleases him.

There is a finality about conventional marriage that challenges some and distresses many. The only next job seems to be good to wife, children, and employer and to decide whether to avoid toilet training the babies and to help your son stay out of the Army and to die full of years, good works, and insurance. The changeable, movable, disposable, available person feels cut off from possibility by marriage, and with good reason: Some possibilities are cut off. He can still have sneaky affairs, of course; but that's not the issue. He is responsible for another. The model of responsibility is set. Marriage is one of your top ten most popular means of staying in touch with someone, "eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage."

Happy endings, as everyone knows, are ambiguous. An author writes -30- to a story, but marriage is a series of continuations, little divorces, novel choices, disasters, and victories. Only at the end of their life together might a couple know what the first quarrels and reconciliations meant. Victories are defeats and defeats are victories and they concern Mr. and Mrs. Jack-and-Jill more than any other authority. The audience is irrelevant. Even the children—the secret has been let out—do better in one-parent houses than in unwilling marriages.

Custom rules more men than are ruled by reason, conscience, or even law; and custom—habit—begins training us for marriage as soon as we see our parents together in their own special arrangement. A little rueful glance backward will demonstrate that for most of us this is bad training. We are modelling ourselves on a history of failure. We survive, more or less, but at the price of being blind animals drifting in the most important connection in our grown-up lives. He who does not understand the future is condemned to repeat the present. We can do very little about our parents, but we marry exogamously—out of the family—as if to make dramatic the declaration of free choice in finding a mate, creative inspiration in constructing a marriage. When this creation becomes habit (that is, conflict, boredom, fantasy of new chances), then the chance has been lost. Why nag when we don't want to nag? Why put up with nagging when we don't choose to put up with it? What pathos in that old joke: "Behind every successful man stands a . . . surprised woman." What misery this implies, a sense of worthlessness and hopelessness behind the bright façade of achievement.

Is that what it's all about? Wedlock, this cheerful society, as Milton described it—he was married more than once—was surely not intended to bind together mute and sour mates.

Divorce, on the other hand, seems to make a pretty good prognosis for marriage. About one marriage in three ends in divorce. Two out of three divorced persons remarry. Of these, nine out of ten of the remarried stay married. It seems as if the first divorce often stabilizes the personality, teaches a man what he really wants—in Freudian lingo, breaks the Oedipal bonds—and makes him ready for a lasting, tough-minded, grown-up marriage.

Marriages of the similar both work and fail; cross-cultural and interracial marriages both fail and work, with the statistics not offering very much guidance. Marriage advice, even from serious workers and students, is often trivial (or as James Joyce would put it, quadrivial). Take as an example this comment from the May, 1967, issue of the *Journal of Marriage and the Family:* "Successful husbands and wives were reported to rarely, if ever, resort to physical attack or abuse on each other." And successful sociologists, it might be added, are reported to rarely, if ever, split infinitives.

In other works, such as J. Richard Udry's *The Social Context of Marriage,* a braver resort to conclusions and insights leads the sociologist to genuine conclusions, such as: personality matching in courtship seems to have no relation to success in marriage, interfaith marriage is not a source of trouble in America today, and children seem to have no particular power to hold together unhappy marriages. At least he is thinking, and he offers evidence to support his conclusions. Which seem to be: Do

(Continued on page 187)

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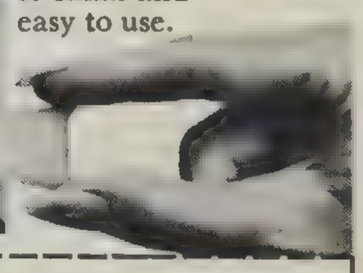
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GRABBING DILEMMAS

(Continued from page 140)

delights one hopes for is a sense of resolution, of having heard that phrase before, an echo and a kind of click at the end.

Rhode: This image of the book that you have in mind is in fact a rather geometric image. It's not, say, a visual image, an image of events in the book which you're leading up to.

Updike: It's sort of an abstract sensation, but of course you have to have a lot of other things to begin a book. You have to have at least some of the people and have to be in some ways stirred by the central people. The main motive force behind *The Centaur* would be some wish to make a record of my father. There was the whole sense of having for fifteen years watched a normal, good-doing Protestant man suffering in a kind of comic but real way. What led me to write it and what keeps it going and what gives it its life now, at least in myself, is this thing of making a solid object and making a pattern. Also there is a certain element of having a message and wanting to get it across. My message has not been the kind that is especially congenial to my time. In a time concerned with urban and political issues, I've dealt with suburban, or rural, unpolitical man.

Rhode: Where I think you are unusual is that you're not a metaphysical writer in the sense that you might say Melville is a metaphysical writer: You deal with the actual world, with sensations and things. And yet religion, in an institutional sense, does appear in all your books. Often it's something you look at rather wryly, rather diffidently, as though it's a kind of electric force which your characters are a bit frightened of. I would think this is both part of the sense that you have of a tradition of the past, of the world existing as it is, and also of some anxiety, an inability to relate this to any sense of community.

Updike: The ministers tend increasingly to become figures of fun, or rather, I'd say, more of a disappointment on the author's part. I seem to have some expectations of the ministry which it doesn't fulfil. The short story "Pigeon Feathers," which is about a boy's questions being answered, he thinks very badly, by his clergyman, is the central minister story. The church continues to exist in the modern world, and it seems to me to be something rather gallant.

Rhode: You are religious yourself?

Updike: I'd say, yes, I try to be. I think I do tend to see the world as layered, and as there being something up there; certainly in *Couples* it would seem to be God, who in a certain sense destroys that inoffensive Congregationalist church. Moreover, and again it's worked out geometrically, I seem to see all my books in terms of children's drawings, they are all meant to be moral debates with the reader, and if they seem pointless—I'm speaking hopefully—it's because the reader has not been engaged in the debate. The question is usually, "What is a good man?" or "What is goodness?" and in all my books an act is inspected. Take Harry Angstrom in *Rabbit, Run:* There is a case to be made for running away from your wife. In the late 'fifties beatniks were preaching transcontinental travelling as the answer to man's disquiet. And I was just trying to say: "Yes, there is certainly that, but then there are all these other people who seem to get hurt." That distinction is meant to be a moral dilemma.

Rhode: You see the institution of marriage, the institution of the Church, as something that carries you back to the past, which I think again is very important in your books. For instance, in *The Poorhouse Fair,* the one moment that I felt that you emerged as a person was close to the end when you say something about how we go backwards, how we become our father's opinions, and eventually our grandfather's.

Updike: True enough, there is this interest in the past, but in a way the past is all we have. The present is very thin, it's less than a second wide, and the future doesn't exist. I think that *Of the Farm* is about moral readjustment, and the readjustment is somehow in terms of harsh deeds done in the past; the mother and boy need, in a way, to excuse each other, or somehow to give a blessing. It's a little hard for me to see my work from the outside, as it were, but I do notice a recurrence of the concept of a blessing, of approval, or forgiveness, or somehow even encouragement in order to go on. I wonder if twentieth-century man's problem isn't one of encouragement, because of the failure of nerve, the lassitude and despair, the sense that we've gone to the end of the corridor and found it blank. So the characters beneath the surface are exhorting each other to action. In *Couples,* Piet is quite a modern man in that he really can't act for himself because he's overwhelmed by the moral implications of any act—leaving his wife, staying with her. . . . The women in that book are less sensitive perhaps to the oppressive quality of cosmic blackness, and it is the women who do almost all of the acting. I don't want to say that being passive, being inactive, being paralyzed, is wrong in an era when so much action is crass and murderous. I do feel that in the generations that I've had a glimpse of—I can see my grandfather at one end, and I can see my boys coming up—there has been a perceptible loss of the sense of righteousness. But many evils are done in the name of righteousness, so perhaps one doesn't want it back. Nevertheless, I suspect that the vitality of women now, the way many of us lean on them, is not an eternal phenomenon but a historical one, and fairly recent.

Rhode: I wonder, in the case of *The Centaur,* why you related the immediate experience of the schoolmaster to myth.

Updike: It seemed to me that there was something mythical about the events. It's an experiment very unlike that of *Ulysses,* where the myth lurks beneath the surface of the natural events. In a way, the natural events in my book are meant to be a kind of mask for the myth. The genesis of it was reading in an old book of my wife's this variant to the Hercules legend. It is part of the comedy of the man's plight that he is living in a town full of gods, and he's not quite a god himself, hence this failure of communication all the time. In fact, my father, who came from

New Jersey, did have this feeling about Pennsylvania, that he wasn't quite clued in about what was going on. Secondly, there is a way in which to a child everything is myth-size: people are enormous and ominous and have great back-logs of mysterious information and of a life lived that you lack. I don't think that without the myth you'd have a book. It seemed to me to fit a kind of experience that I'd had: my father's immersion in the world of Christian morality, in trying to do the right thing and constantly sacrificing himself, always going off to church meetings, and yet complaining about it all the time. There was an ambivalence that seemed to make him very centaur-like. I think that initially art was tied in with theology and has to do with an ideal world: The artist is in some way a middleman between the ideal world and this, even though our sense of the ideal—and I'm speaking really of our gut sense, regardless of what we think we believe—is at present fairly dim. It may not always be so. And I find I can not imagine being a writer without wanting somehow to play, to make these patterns, to insert these secrets into my books, and to spin out this music that has its formal side.

Rhode: Well, there are ideal worlds and ideal worlds. There's the ideal world of Plato, there's the world of the Music of the Spheres, and there's also the Titian world, the world of the sensuous. This other side to you has really found a fulfilment in *Couples,* which, I now see with hindsight, was something you had to write. The whole interest in sensation, in the body, finds its fulfilment here. Were you conscious of this inevitability in writing *Couples?*

Updike: Well, no, it's just my usual simpleminded attempt to portray something. Nothing annoys me more than books ostensibly about sex that don't really describe it.

Rhode: We're talking about *Couples* as a book about sex. It's something quite different, isn't it? And I think it's certainly not sensationalist. What astonishes me is that these descriptions are written with extraordinary delicacy and tact. You must have found them very hard to write.

Updike: They were no harder than landscapes and a little more interesting. It's wonderful the way people in bed talk, the sense of voices and the sense of warmth, so that as a writer you become kind of warm also. The book is, of course, not about sex really: It's about sex as the emergent religion, as the only thing left. I don't present the people in the book as a set of villains: I see them as people caught in a historical moment—a moment now past, by the way.

Rhode: That world no longer exists?

Updike: It was pretty unthinkable in 1964 that there would be openly expressed this constant desire to tear everything down that you hear now from every Western city. It was basically still a world of acceptance where the abiding institutions were assumed to be substantial, though they received no real homage. The people in the book exist within a society, but have no wish to restructure it; rather, within its interstices they are seeking through each other's bodies, and really through each other's voices too—there's an awful lot of talk in that book—to console themselves.

Rhode: What's unusual about them is their particular promiscuity, isn't it?

Updike: I don't think they are especially notable in that regard. These are the descendants of the Puritans, people who have inherited a work ethic and who find themselves really working no harder than they must. In part, the book is about affluence, which, in releasing at least this class of people from pressing financial anxiety, creates new anxieties.

Rhode: Not only is there much greater control of all these characters and a much larger canvas, but there is this kind of space in the book which I don't feel exists in the early work.

Updike: At least you have a map of the town in your mind's eye and you sort of sail from one house to the other. I think a writer should perpetually be giving himself tough assignments in an attempt to see what he can do. It took courage initially to be able to write frankly about my own boyhood, which, funnily enough, was a very innocuous boyhood. Nevertheless it seemed to be a step forward to write some of the short stories that have been collected here and there. Then I thought: Okay, enough of that, get out of this and write about adults making the usual sort of adult mess. In that sense the book was a change. But I see backward through my books a certain continuity: In a way, this book is describing a divorce and *Of the Farm* was about the consequences of a divorce. And certainly I've not, I don't think, been shy about erotic detail in the other books.

Rhode: It's only here that suddenly it has come right into the centre of the canvas. You probably won't want to write a book like this again.

Updike: I wonder where I'm going to go now. I think it's very bad luck to talk about things you're doing.

Rhode: Well, talk in a rather magical and mysterious way about it.

Updike: It's a rather magical or mysterious book. The proud State of Pennsylvania from which I come only produced one President, a man called James Buchanan who preceded Lincoln and who has always been dismissed as one of the weakest of a succession of weak Presidents between Jackson and Lincoln. I'm attached to him because he's a Pennsylvanian: He was a bachelor too, and he was very old, the oldest President till Eisenhower. I've read now maybe eight books about the 1850's, a period rather like the 1960's, a period of harsh debates, increasingly irrevocable rifts, a period of astounding invective. I was sort of shocked in my prim way by the kind of abuse that Lyndon Johnson had to put up with, but that kind of abuse was American coin. I see Buchanan as a centre of some kind of investigation of what political power feels like. To what extent is it illusory? It certainly was very illusory in his case because he really didn't have much power, the country was paying no attention to him. And also I'm interested in taking a long, eventful life and shuffling it.



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THE PRINCE

(Continued from page 133)

given to melancholy and patiently suffered a wife who was mad. Grover Cleveland, who had been a sheriff in Buffalo, had authority to the point of intimidation. Wilson was morally always so sure of himself that he would have had fewer enemies in the Senate if he had been more conciliatory. Truman, so awkward in his manners that on his first appearance as President before Congress he started talking before he had been introduced—"Wait a moment, Harry," said Speaker Sam Rayburn, "I have to introduce you. . . . Ladies and Gentlemen, the President of the United States!" Truman was to become, as his Secretary of State Dean Acheson reverentially said, a magnificent "chief." Kennedy in the first days of his Presidency was deliberately challenged, provoked by Nikita Khrushchev at Vienna, and reacted with the kind of bristling militancy that was to be revealed at the Bay of Pigs, the Cuban missiles crisis, and the introduction of American troops into Viet Nam.

These have all been powerful leaders rising to the often inhuman demands of their office in times of civil war, world war, and the dizzying realization, after 1945, that the planet seemed to be divided between two superpowers. In the first days after FDR's death, Truman wailed to visitors that the world had fallen on him. But later he caustically said, "If you can't stand the heat, stay out of the kitchen." The President has, as no other person has it, the maximum responsibility for the security of the United States. Most of us are wise not to seek that responsibility.

Nevertheless, in an age when a President's version of this responsibility could serve to trigger nuclear war (it almost did this in the Cuban missiles crisis), the question comes up: Can't a President's "strength," which must depend on his inner image of himself, be overdone? Wilson in the dear innocent days before we got into World War I said that there was such a thing as being "too proud to fight." But Lyndon Johnson was so sure that America had never lost a war and should never withdraw from one that he ruined his administration on an issue that was perhaps less relevant to the good of the Vietnamese people than it was to Lyndon Johnson's shaky image of himself. Until recently, Richard Nixon reminded us repeatedly that *he* would not be the first President to accept American "defeat" in war. And neither has Nixon ever given people the impression of any great personal "security." Kennedy had more inner self-confidence, but Kennedy was trained from childhood to be competitive even with his brothers, and he was made more so by his serious physical handicaps and his marriage to a woman who looked down on the Boston Irish and some of Kennedy's own cultural limitations. The mental poise of our leaders generally gets less attention than their golf game.

Since Roosevelt—and because of Roosevelt—the importance of the Presidency has become more intense because everything about it is more evident. The last forty years have been one continuous crisis, and the rest of the century is likely to be more so. Amidst so many earthshaking insecurities, the President of the United States must not only preserve, protect, and defend his fellow Americans but talk to them as one American to another, and so unite them for the good of the country. FDR initiated the later twentieth-century style of plain speaking, "people to people," "face to face"—which is why he didn't need to be an intellectual like Jefferson or a literary master like Lincoln. Roosevelt, almost preposterously unlike the average American, knew how to unite Americans, how to flatter them into doing things together. He always appealed to the great strength of American life: the consensus of people who have nothing in common but being "Americans," the impatience with hereditary differences, the belief of Americans that Americans really want the same things and can talk to each other in "down to earth" terms. Roosevelt understood the American genius for the most common denominator and successfully appealed to the American who rejoices in his commonsense and practical idealism. He was the first President who talked to the whole American people by radio, and he talked in a style brilliantly simple.

Truman was so naturally this kind of person that he spoke to his fellow Americans as a schoolteacher all on fire with American history might speak to his pupils. Eisenhower, despite the arrogance and touchiness natural to one who had commanded millions of men, always regarded himself as a boy from Abilene, Kansas, talking to Americans like himself. And Kennedy owed his success to a naturalness, wit, and charm in public address that craftily sought the favour of everyone at once. One thinks of him, that last day of his life, charming every audience in sight even when his hands were trembling so sadly that he had to keep them under the table.

Kennedy's ability to talk to every possible group in America on its own level expresses that new sense of the Presidency as a broker for all *Americans,* not just for the country, which Roosevelt inaugurated. The personal touch was Roosevelt's main idea of politics, direct persuasion his favourite way of dealing with strikes, cabinet squabbles, and the ominous beginnings of the Cold War. Roosevelt, who to the end of his days loved to divide and confuse his subordinates so that he would be the final court of appeal, just as confidently saw himself as the marriage counselor for all our wartime allies in conflict. His unvarying rule in the Presidency —to make his personal intervention indispensable—helped to assure the failure of his too cheerful prospects for the postwar world.

What was this concern with the personal touch, the "human touch" that made it necessary for the President to resolve minor conflicts during the war? Didn't Roosevelt know that no one man —not even the President—could keep things going by his personal influence, example, sermonizing, and moralizing? The answer would seem to be that Americans are capable of effecting the greatest possible social changes without acknowledging them as such. The United States today is very different from what it was before Roosevelt. But though we have become the greatest power on earth, an amazingly complex corporate society, there is something in every American executive, administrator—perhaps in every American male who spends his best energies trying to get ahead of other American males—that reminds us of Truman's strain, Eisenhower's hurt and baffled face when under attack, Kennedy's heartbreaking eagerness to do it right, Johnson's slow, sorrowful, lost voice when he announced the halt of bombing in North Viet Nam and the end of his Presidency.

MARRIAGE

(Continued from page 183)

your own thing, Jack. Follow your own thing, Jill.

Yeats said something like: We fall in love with a woman not for her intelligence, beauty, or virtue but because of how she pulls on her galoshes. The mysterious element in marriage (when there is a mystery: sometimes, of course, only money, desperation, or pregnancy) is the connection that this man and woman make at this time in their lives. Perhaps there are echoes of parents, perhaps a nest-building instinct overflowing at the same moment, perhaps only the mystery of charm, an attractive nuisance, the pleasures of pulling on galoshes:

Pussy said to the Owl, "You
elegant fowl,
How charmingly sweet you
sing!
O! let us be married; too
long we have tarried;
But what shall we do for
a ring?"

George Bernard Shaw said that it's a woman's business to get married as soon as she can and a man's to stay unmarried as long as he can. But he did not say *forever*, and there's the ambiguity in that "as long as he can." When does he quit the single life? When is too late? Henry James's story, "The Beast in the Jungle," about the couple who waited and waited, fearing some nameless monster, has a conclusion that has harrowed many readers. When the lady died and her lover visited her grave, he flung himself upon it, because all at once he knew what the beast really was—a dreary and fearful cautiousness, mortality, the inevitability of losing what is not seized when the time is right. Gregory Corso's long poem about the marriage of friends ends with a vision of himself as an old man in woolen underwear with pee stains at the fly: Many a bachelor suffers this prostatic nightmare.

Some get married because of the "Is this all?" feeling. Sex, career, chasing, gathering goods, friends—*is this all?* They think that permanence, growing together, children, a secure place in the community and in history can settle matters for them. And then at night when they can't sleep, and they stand up and look out the window into the driveway, and the house may be filled with sweet whispers of children's breath, with things, with a history shared and ongoing, and the old ghost returns. Is this all? Is this what it's about? Is this all? And marriage does not dissipate the mysteries and melancholias of the human condition. Well, yes, it alters the life of man in a decisive way, but those who have hungered for meaning have seldom found the appetite satiated by marriage. They have often thought marriage an end, but they have always sought further. Both the married and the unmarried have been desperate—and both the unhappily married and the happily married. William James suffered his "vastations"—those oceanic drownings in hope and doubt—while clinging to his wife as to the shore.

The matter-of-fact marriages in the middle of the institution are bounded on one side by scrappy adversary arrangements and on the other by excitement at the edge of a scream. A few rich interpenetrations of men and women travelling together provide the ideal for everyone, but any nostrum with marriage's percentage of failure would normally be attacked by the Better Business Bureau and banned by the Food and Drug Administration. The flood of chance-takers and effort-makers appears every day at the license bureaus. Bankruptcies do not frighten them; they are enthralled by their prospects. In the past, men married for women's convenience, their ability to make a home and raise children, or perhaps for money or in response to social pressure, as in the arranged marriage. Then they sought excitement in other men's wives and sexual fulfillment in mistresses or prostitutes. It's only in twentieth-century America, and mostly in the last two generations, that wife and husband have been intended to do everything for each other.

Men and women can not expect everything from each other—comfort, intimacy, and a simple answer to the puzzles and dreads of human existence. Happy-ever-after is a condemnation to chagrin.

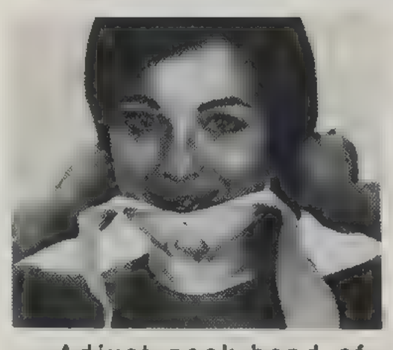
This intention in city-dwelling, rapidly moving strivers and achievers breaks down and leaves rubble. The wreckage has become visible to almost everyone.

(Continued on page 192)

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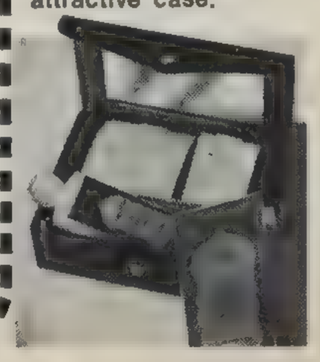
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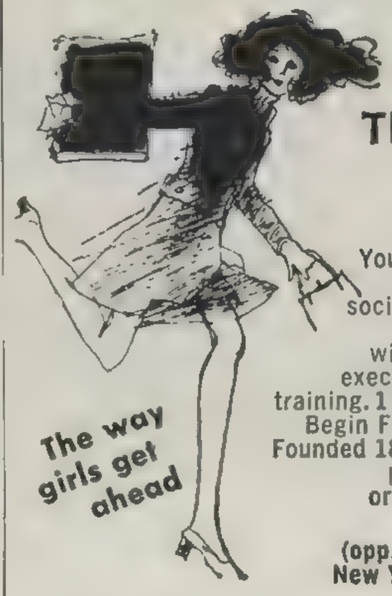
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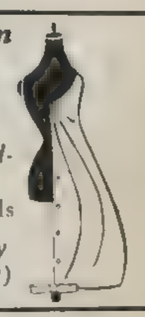
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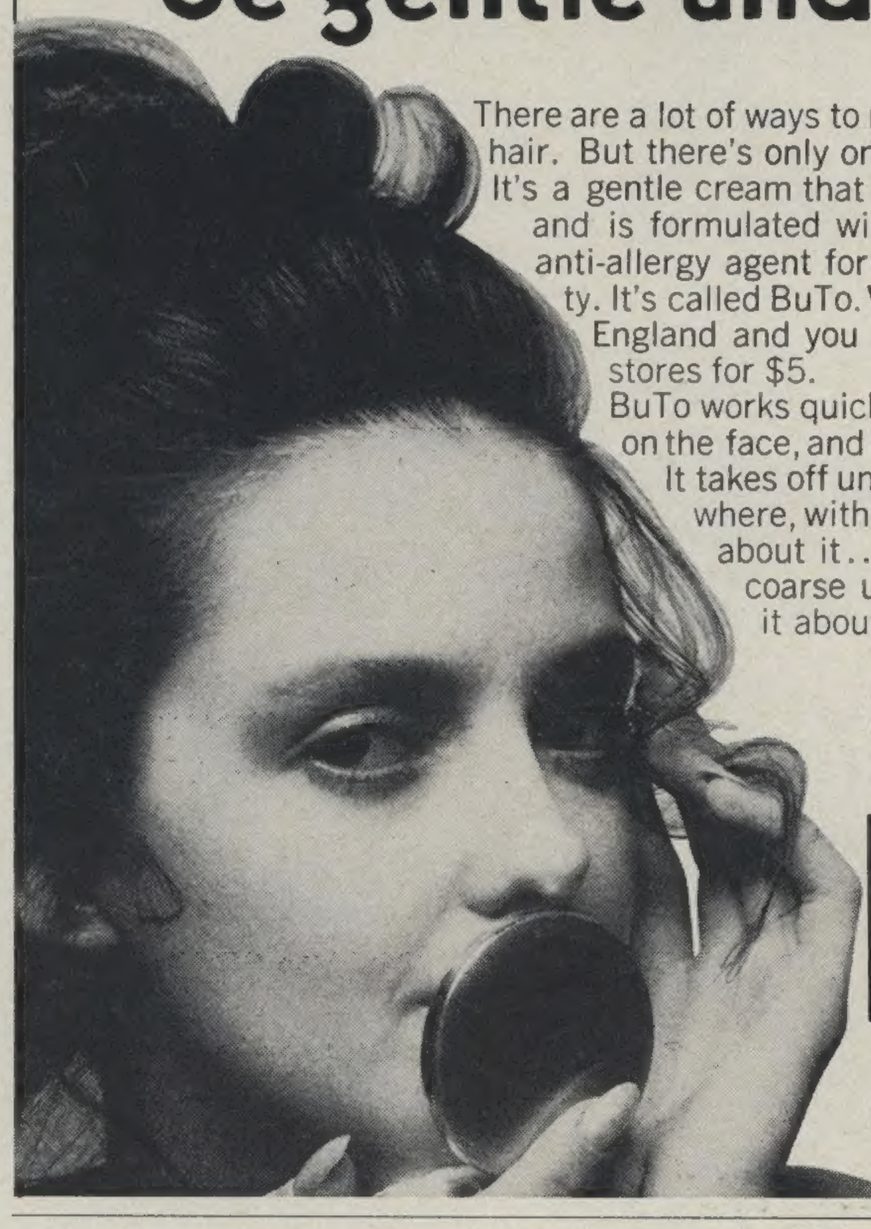
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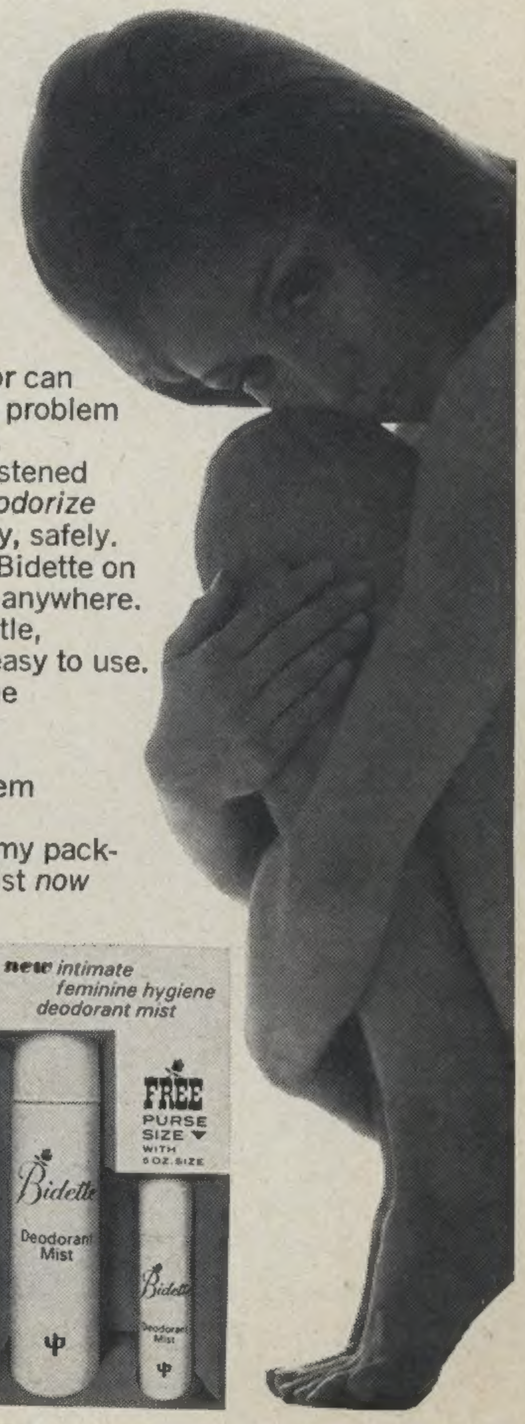
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THE OLD BUS

BY RICHARD BRAUTIGAN

I do what everybody else does: I live in San Francisco. Sometimes I am forced by Mother Nature to take the bus. Yesterday was an example. I wanted to get someplace beyond the duty of my legs, far out on Clay Street, so I waited for a bus.

It was not a hardship but a nice warm autumn day and fiercely clear. An old woman waited, too. Nothing unusual about that, as they say. She had a large purse and white gloves that fit her hands like the skins of vegetables.

A Chinese fellow came by on the back of a motorcycle. It startled me. I had just never thought about the Chinese riding motorcycles before. Sometimes reality is an awfully close fit like the vegetable skins on that old woman's hands.

I was glad when the bus came. There is a certain happiness sighted when your bus comes along. It is of course a small specialized form of happiness and will never be a great thing.

I let the old woman get on first and trailed behind in classic mediaeval tradition with castle floors following me into the bus.

I dropped in my fifteen cents, got my usual transfer, even though I did not need one. I always get a transfer. It gives me something to do with my hands while I am riding the bus. I *need* activity.

I sat down and looked the bus over to see who was there, and it took me about a minute to realize that there was something very wrong with that bus, and it took the other people about the same period to realize that there was something very wrong with the bus, and the thing that was wrong was me.

I was young. Everybody else on the bus, about nineteen of them, were men and women in their sixties, seventies, and eighties, and I only in my twenties. They stared at me and I stared at them. We were all embarrassed and uncomfortable.

How had this happened? Why were we suddenly the players in this cruel fate and could not take our eyes off one another?

A man about seventy-eight began to clutch desperately at the lapel of his coat. A woman maybe sixty-three began to filter her hands, finger by finger, through a white handkerchief.

I felt terrible to remind them of their lost youth, their passage through slender years in such a cruel and unusual manner. Why were we tossed this way together as if we were nothing but a weird salad served on the seats of a Goddamn bus?

I got off the bus at the next possibility. Everybody was glad to see me go and none of them were more glad than I.

I stood there and watched after the bus, its strange cargo now secure, growing distant in the journey of time until the bus was gone from sight.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This short story is from a collection,* Revenge of the Lawn, *to be published this year by Simon & Schuster.*

MARRIAGE

(Continued from page 187)

American men and women are searching for other ways—a more traditional cool marriage or hotter forms of experimental arrangements, affairs, frank living together, communes, conjugal non-marriages. Divorce and efficient contraception are boiling among the elements of marriage along with the liberated woman, the troubled male, society's persistent conservatism, the city's explicit liberation of mores.

The situation in which we and our civilization live is atrocious. Man's fate is to be easeful and full of hopes—and to dread the inevitable. History makes few happy promises. We move in the sight of death. We all die. We talk of human life as if it is precious, and it is, but we will all die nevertheless.

Therefore we strive somehow to make permanent, to make life stay, to keep alive despite our inevitable failure at that ambition. The ways we do this: by work, by monuments, by history. For most of us, only children are a sure record of what we were and what we might have been. No wonder that we go on, despite wars and the fear of the apocalypse, with the intention to have children. And what matter that so few marriages "work"? Marriage is not a business like any other. Human life does not "work," either. And yet we are driven to continue; we live and die, marry and burn. The old man in Shaw's *Misalliance,* on his knees proposing to a piquant young creature, has more than pathos in his voice when he asks: "Will you be my widow?" There is a secret subtext of optimism and hope: *Something will live after me.* Join me now fleetly, he argues, and join me to the future forever.

Immortality mattered less to him, Dylan Thomas said, than the deaths of his friends. He meant a generous thought, but he also meant that there is no immortality. Well, almost none, but the flesh lives on, along with the spirit, in the persistence of history and in the hostages to fortune that are embedded in the turbulence and calm of marriage.

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